

FLOWERS FROM SHARON;

OR

ORIGINAL POEMS

ON

DIVINE SUBJECTS.

The Desert shall rejoice and blossom as the Rose: it shall blossom abundantly,
and rejoice even with Joy and Singing; the Glory of Lebanon shall be
given unto it, the Excellency of Carmel and Sharon. *Isaiah xxxv. 1, 2.*

I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valleys. *Canticles ii, 1.*

BY RICHARD LEE.

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It is not from a vain supposition of their
 Political Merit, that the ensuing Sheets are
 offered to the Public; but from a Conviction
 of the Divine Truths they contain: Truths
 which I own, fallen and depraved Reason will
 always stumble at; and which the unregenerate
 Heart will never receive; they are
 too humbling for the proud to be in love
 with;—too dark for the carnal Eyes to be
 hold. But they are which the CHRISTIAN
 embraces, and holds fast as his chief
 Treasure. From a real Experience of their
 divine Power in his Heart, he derives his only
 Support and Comfort in this wretched Vale
 of Tears. These will gild with Tranquillity
 the Horrors of Death; will brighten his
 Prospect in the dreary Shade, and render the



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IT is not from a vain Supposition of their Poetical Merit, that the ensuing Sheets are offered to the Public; but from a Conviction of the Divine Truths they contain: Truths, which I own, fallen and depraved Reason will always stumble at; and which the unregenerate Heart will never cordially receive; they are too humbling for proud Nature to be in love with;—too dazzling for carnal Eyes to behold. But they are Truths which the CHRISTIAN embraces, and holds fast as his chief Treasure. From a real Experience of their divine Power in his Heart, he derives his only Support and Comfort in this wretched Vale of Tears. These will gild with Tranquillity the Horrors of Death; will brighten his Prospect in the dreary Shade, and render the

King of Terrors A MESSENGER OF PEACE.
These are the grand Peculiarities of the Gos-
pel, and shine with infinite Glory and Ex-
cellence to the enlightened Soul.

The CANDID CHRISTIAN will readily ex-
cuse those Inaccuracies he may meet with in
prusing this Volume, when he is informed,
that its Contents (One or Two Pieces ex-
cepted) were written between the Years of
Fifteen and Nineteen, and under Circum-
stances very unfavourable to the Author's
delightful Amusement.



CONTENTS.

CONTENTS.

ETERNAL LOVE				
Hymn to the REDEEMER	-	-	-	15
Nature and Grace	-	-	-	18
Real Happiness only in CHRIST the Fountain	-	-	-	23
Abel's Morning Hymn, attempted from Gessner's Death of Abel	-	-	-	25
Ode to Divine Revelation	-	-	-	31
Meditation on the LORD's Day Morning	-	-	-	33
Final Perseverance, or the Safety of the Church	-	-	-	36
Lines addressed to a Friend	-	-	-	39
Longing for Eternity	-	-	-	43
Early Piety	-	-	-	45
To Parents	-	-	-	51
Reflections on coming from the LORD's Supper	-	-	-	54
A View of Heaven	-	-	-	57
Discouraged because of the Way	-	-	-	59
Encouragement	-	-	-	61
Ode to the GOD of Harvest	-	-	-	63
Going to the LORD's Table	-	-	-	66
The Fruits of living Faith	-	-	-	67
Mental Union, a Vision	-	-	-	71
To a Certain Character	-	-	-	77
A Song	-	-	-	ibid
Evening Reflections	-	-	-	78

CONTENTS.

The Excellence of Religion	83
On the Commencement of a Friday Evening Lecture at the Adelphi Chapel	85
Departing to be with CHRIST	87
Affliction	88
Judgment and Eternity	ibid
A Surrender to Infinite Love	98
Divine Righteousness	100
The True Believer	101
The Renewed Heart	103
The Contented Character	104
The Mysteries of Divine Grace in the Christian's Ex- perience	105
Hymn for a Society	112
The King of Zion	115
Covenant Love	117
Lines on reading of the Controversy between Herbert and Melvin	118
CHRIST's Ascension to his Mediatorial Glory	122
Light in Darkness	124
The victorious Charms of Eternal Love	127

SONNETS.

The Heavenly Jerusalem	130
Recovering Grace	131
LORD's Day Morn	ibid
The Same	132
"Faith is the Substance of Things hoped for"	133
Hope	134
Love	ibid

CONTENTS,

Humility	-	135
Death	-	136
An Eternal State	-	137
"How wilt thou do in the Swelling of Jordan?"	-	138
Morning	-	ibid
Elegiac Lines on the Slave Trade	-	140
Hymn to the CREATOR	-	143
The Afflicted Soul's Refuge	-	144
A Song of Praise to the TRINITY	-	145
The Incarnation	-	146
The Second Advent	-	148
The Miser's Folly	-	151
Consolatory Thought	-	153
The Sufficiency of CHRIST's Work	-	154
Reflections on myself	-	155
The departing Saint	-	159
Precept, Prayer, Promise, and Praise	-	164
A View of the Cross	-	172





FLOWERS FROM SHARON.

ETERNAL LOVE.

I.

Now I attempt a vast immortal Theme,
And try my Voice to sing the SAVIOR'S Name.
Thou SUN OF HEAVEN! SOURCE of celestial Fire!
ETERNAL SPIRIT! my bold Muse inspire;
Inflame the Soul, and guide the raptur'd Tongue
That dares aspire to so sublime a Song.

II.

JESUS I sing; delightful Name!
I feel already the inspiring Flame!
Creation fades, and more than Heav'n appears,
My Soul flies back, beyond eternal Years;
There I behold th' ALMIGHTY SON,
'Midst of the EVERLASTING Throne,
ONE with the FATHER, with the SPIRIT ONE

Array'd in uncreated Light,
 Blest in Perfections all his Own,
 Glories Immense and Infinite,
 Beam from his Face, and rest upon his Crown.

III.

Then, vast immeasurable Grace,
 And Purposes of Love,
 Love Everlasting, great and undefin'd,
 Fill'd the ETERNAL MIND ;
 And burn'd tow'rd's our unworthy Race,
 Chose before Seraphim, recovering Grace to prove.

IV.

Before Creation heard his grand Behest,
 And instant into Being sprung ;
 Before Immensity of Space was drest
 With Gems, by Harmony and Order plac'd ;
 Ere the young Morning-Stars sparkled and sung,
 Or ere this Earth in Æther pendant hung—
 He thought on Mortals ;—yea, He lov'd us then !
 “AND HIS DELIGHTS WERE WITH THE SONS OF MEN !”

He fix'd the Place

Where each of his redeem'd should dwell,
 And lov'd their Habitations well * ;
 He thought on *Cedron's Brook* and *Calvary's Height* ;
 From everlasting Years his Heart was set,
 There to exhibit everlasting Grace !

* Proverbs, 8, 31.

V.

Stupendous Grace !

Creatures of vile Original and Birth,
 Offspring of Dust, and Progeny of Earth ;
 A fallen, guilty, and apostate Race ;
 Their Hearts abominable and unclean,
 Plung'd each Day deeper in the Filth of Sin ;
 Their daring Words and Hands uplifted high,
 In mad Rebellion against the Sky ;
 With Rancour fill'd against the LIVING GOD,
 And proud Defiance of his threat'ning Rod ;
 His gracious Pardon offer'd them in vain,
 And Sov'reign Mercy treated with Disdain.
 To close the black, but yet, imperfect List,
 Impious Despisers of the Blood of CHRIST !
 Wonder, thou Earth below ! ye Heavens above !
 For these were lov'd with EVERLASTING LOVE !

VI.

Let Songs of Praise from thee, O Zion ! rise,
 Perfume the Air, and glad the list'ning Skies ;
 Till Angels hear,
 Their Notes forbear,
 And yield to Silence, struck with vast Surprise :
 Then ye bright immortal Choirs !
 Sudden glow with brighter Fires !
 Louder strike th' astonish'd Lyres !

Let ev'ry String with trembling Rapture move;
 Bid the rapt Strains through distant Planets rove,
 And teach the rolling Spheres to sing ETERNAL LOVE!

VII.

Thou Earth! be vocal, with Hosannas ring,
 With thy Inhabitants exult and sing.
 Ye lofty Mountains! whose aspiring Height
 Sublimely views the gliding Clouds below,
 Whose venerable Heads are crown'd with ancient Snow,
 Unsullied by the Look of mortal Eyes;
 As with prodigious, mighty Joys elate,
 Yet greater Swell;—to loftier Heights yet rise,
 And give to HEAVEN the spotless SACRIFICE.

VIII.

O EVERLASTING LOVE! thy Praise extend;
 Let gladden'd Nature feel the enliv'ning Sound;
 From Woods and Forests let the Strains rebound;
 Whose leafy Tribes in stately Grandeur rise;
 Your Tribute pay, in lowly Homage bend,
 Wave your tall Heads, and hail the smiling Skies.

IX.

Ye laughing Valleys! and ye verdant Meads!
 Hear the blest Song, and glow in brighter Green;
 Ye springing Flow'rets! lift your fragrant Heads,
 Unfold your Bloom,
 Shed your Perfume;
 And add new Beauties to the joyous Scene.

X.

Ye soft Musicians of the Air !
 Melodious Tenants of the Grove,
 The Poet's grand Enthusiasm join ;
 For noblest Strains, your sweetest Powers prepare,
 Let all your tender Warblings be of LOVE ;
 Love is your darling Theme, and this is LOVE DIVINE ;
 Now swell your tuneful Throats,
 To pour the joyful Notes ;
 Extol your kind, beneficent CREATOR,
 And the ETERNAL LOVER of our Nature.
 Let every purling Rill and winding Stream ;
 Let every foaming Flood,
 That rolls a rougher Tide,
 Catch from your Notes the captivating Theme ;
 These smooth their Surface, calmer glide.
 Those gentler run along the pebbled Road.

XI.

ETERNAL LOVE ! extend thy Praise !
 Let every Tongue prolong the blissful Lay,
 Which my unequal Muse so faintly sings ;
 Waft it, ye Winds ! upon your balmy Wings,
 Across th' exulting Seas,
 To distant Shores " ETERNAL LOVE " convey.

O Heaven ! and Nature sing !
 Let all Existence in the Work combine,
 Let every Order in Creation join,
 And praise th' ETERNAL LOVE of our ETERNAL KING !

XII.

But, Hark !——I hear——
 (Suspend your Raptures with an awful Fear)
 Earth is convuls'd !——the Skies in blackness veil'd——
 I hear a deep, tremendous Groan,
 That bursts the Graves, and tears the solid Stone !
 The GOD INCARNATE to a Gibbet nail'd,
 Fulfils his Part in the Eternal Plan,
 And gives his Life to ransom dying Man !

XIII.

Thrones and Dominions bending from above,
 Here read the Wonders of ETERNAL LOVE,
 Engrav'd indelible in crimson Lines,
 Through gathering Clouds of Horror, lo ! it shines ;
 LOVE reigns victorious ; on a Cross it reigns,
 And triumphs in unutterable Pains !
 The swelling Floods of GOD'S ALMIGHTY IRE
 O'erwhelms his Soul ;——yet burns the sacred Fire——
 Yet unabated burns the quenchless Passion,
 Which urg'd HIM first to undertake Salvation.

(7)

HE drinks the Cup, full charg'd with Wrath divine,
Though free from Sin, HE bears the Curse of mine.
ETERNAL LOVE displays his Heart,
And bids stern JUSTICE strike th' insatiate Dart,
Pointed with keenest Anguish; barb'd with deathly
Smart.

XIV.

Let Silence, ye Celestials! reign,
Silence, expressive of profoundest Awe;
Let all your Harps, untun'd,
Forget their usual Sound,
Nor even sigh one melancholy Strain;
While ye behold this great unequall'd Scene;
A greater Scene TH' ETERNAL never saw!
JEHOVAH's FELLOW, and CO-EQUAL SON,
The Sharer of his undivided Throne,
Now droops beneath his FATHER's fiercest Frown;
The SUN of GLORY, Heaven's supreme Delight,
Sinks in the Horrors of infernal Night;
The FOUNT OF BLISS, endures a Hell within;
The LORD OF LIFE, the SOURCE OF BEING dies;
ETERNAL PURITY becomes for Sin,
A free and voluntary SACRIFICE;
Who calls Eternity his Dwelling-place,
Lies circumscrib'd within the Grave's embrace;
Wounded and bruise'd in Earth's dark Prison lies,
That we might solace in celestial Joys;

That we might rise exulting from the Tomb,
Shine in the Skies, and flourish in immortal Bloom.

XV.

ZION is ransom'd and MESSIAH rises !
INFINITE MERIT, BLOOD DIVINE suffices ;
Justice beholds, propitious from his Throne,
Redemption finish'd, and Salvation won ;
Deck'd with new Honors, crown'd with brighter
Beams,

His great Complacency He thus proclaims :

- " I have receiv'd my full Demand,
" ILLUSTRIOUS SUFF'ERER ! from thy Hand ;
" Thy spotless Life and dying Pains,
" Atone for all thy People's Sins.
" I view them all complete in THEE,
" From ev'ry Curse for ever free.
" ALMIGHTY HERO ! leave the Tomb,
" *From Prison and from Judgment come ;*
" In THEE, let all thy People rise,
" In THEE, ascend and claim the Skies."

XVI.

ZION is ransom'd, and MESSIAH rises ;
The Stratagems of Earth and Hell prove vain,
The fallen VICTOR longer to detain ;
JESUS ! the GOD OMNIPOTENT ! despises
The Cobweb-Barriers of opposing Men.

Death yields ; and crush'd beneath his ruin'd Throne,
 Resounds thro' Hell, in a despairing Groan,
 His Sceptre broken, and his Empire lost ;
 Hell hears, and trembles thro' her dread Domains !
 The Prince of Darkness and his vanquish'd Host,
 Roll in the Lake, and gnaw their heavier Chains.

XVII.

Now sacred Muse ! glow with a Seraph's Fire !
 And bid my Fingers strike a Seraph's Lyre ;
 Bear me aloft on thy unbounded Wing,
 Whilst I, a Mortal, Themes immortal sing,
 And chaunt the Glories of the conq'ring KING.
 How bright HE shines ! emerging from the Tomb :
 Inferior Lustre, and less radiant Beams,
 Adorn the rising of the Golden Sun,
 When nobly bursting through the scatter'd Gloom.
 Along the Pavement, see ! diffusive streams
 Supernal Flame ; and playful Lightnings run ;
 See ! smiling Cherubs, drest in rosy Bloom,
 On ardent Wings his Sapphire Chariot bear,
 Whose gentle Gales leave fragrant all the Air.

XVIII.

Is this the MAN ?—the MAN OF SORROWS, late
 The Mark of Malice, and contemptuous Hate,
 And cover'd o'er with foul Reproach and Shame ?
 Yes ! this is HE ! but, Oh ! behold HIM now,
 How diff'rent this, from that his low Estate !

No thorny Tortures pierce his sacred Brow,
Nor crimson Anguish from his Temples flow,
No Fiends incarnate mock and trifle with his Woe,
But see! Ten Thousand Ministers of Flame,
The Flower of Heaven compose his Guard,
Wrapt in reflected Rays,
From DEITY'S full Blaze,
The bright Effulgence of their rising LORD.

XIX:

Hov'ring round, in Order grand,
Sweetly sings the raptur'd Band ;
Less sweet were the Hymns which the Princes of
Morn,
Sung to welcome and hail the Creation new-born ;
The softest tun'd Instruments brought from above,
Attend the blest Spirits in chaunting my LOVE ;
And loud-sounding Trumpets by *Michael* first blown,
When *Satan* rebelling, was fought and o'erthrown,
Now spread far and wide JESU'S martial renown.

XX.

By that Inspiration whence flow'd all their Praise,
I now would re-echo the ravishing Lays ;
“ Hail! GOD OF SALVATION!—THOU Valiant in
Fight,
“ Let Laurels encircle thy Brow,
“ Thy Deeds let Immensity know ;

(II)

"Hail! SEED OF THE WOMAN! REDEEMER of Men;

"All Glory and Honor, Dominion and Might

"Is THINE; Allelulia! Amen!

"Worthy art THOU to sit on the Throne,

"The Diadem worthy to wear;

"Thy LOVE IS ETERNAL, its Limits unknown,

"Thy Wounds and thy Suff'rings declare.

"Lift up your Heads! ye everlasting Gates!

"Unfold! ye Doors of the celestial Seats!

"The KING OF GLORY enters in,

"Return'd from conqu'ring Death and Sin."

XXI.

There as our INTERCESSOR and our PRIEST,

He lives to plead our Cause;

Our Names are deeply on his HEART imprest,

ETERNAL LOVE still in his Bosom Glows,

Supplies our Wants, and feels for all our Woes.

XXII.

From thence HE saw me with a pitying Eye,

Lost in the Fall,

And ignorant of his ETERNAL LOVE—

He sent his HOLY SPIRIT from Above,

Whose Grace invincible and Mighty Call

From the impending Ruin bid me fly.

XXIII.

But where, alas! where could I fly?

So impotent and Blind?

Or, how avert the Vengeance nigh,
And ease my troubled Mind?
I might have grop'd till Doomsday there,
And never found relief;
I must have sunk in black Despair,
And helpless Grief.

XXIV.

But his dear SPIRIT pour'd a Flood
Of Day upon my Eyes;
I saw (O blest, consoling Sight!)
I saw with Wonder and Delight
The dying LAMB my SACRIFICE;
And Streams of rich atoning Blood,
To clothe with Grace the Throne of GOD.

XXV.

I saw ETERNAL LOVE display'd,
Display'd in all its bleeding Charms;
"I pardon thee," the FATHER said,
And clasp'd me to his Arms.
Fresh Sorrow overflow'd my Heart;
But, O, how sweet that Sorrow was!
I saw my Sins the cursed Cause,
Of all my SAVIOR'S Smart.
I strove to banish from my Heart,
Those Foes which shed his Blood;
I bid the Rebels all depart,

And let my SAVIOR, and my GOD
Make there his permanent Abode :

XXVI.

And now perpetual Strife ensu'd ;
The Reign of Grace oppos'd the Life of Sin ;
I found Corruptions would not be subdu'd,
And all their former Influence lose,
By Wishes, Resolutions, and repeated Vows.
For my poor Strivings, they disdain'd to quit
Their long possess'd, long unmolested Seat ;
Meanwhile Earth's threat'ning Frowns and luring
Smiles,
And the dark Tempter's smooch, deccitful Wiles,
Join'd to assist the Foe within.

XXVII.

But maugre each opposing Ill,
That meets the Pilgrim's Way,
And threat'ning stand, his Progress to obstruct—
JESUS has promis'd that He will,
By his ALMIGHTY ARM, conduct
Thro' Hosts of Foes, my Soul to endless Day ;
ETERNAL LOVE and FAITHFULNESS engage,
To make me more than Conq'ror over all their Rage.

XXVIII.

The feeblest Saint HE will not overlook,
They all are Objects of ETERNAL CARE ;
And when at last He counts his ransom'd Flock,
His weakest shall be there ;

Then shall the Spirits of the Just
 Shine forth, as Jewels in the SAVIOR's Crown ;
 ZION shall rise, shake off the Dust,
 And put her Bridal Garments on ;
 The glorious TEMPLE of the TRIUNE GOD,
 Plan'd from Eternity for his Abode,
 In stately Grandeur, shall be seen complete,
 For the ador'd INHABITANT made meet ;
 With sacred Shoutings shall the Top-Stone rise,
 And " GRACE ! FREE GRACE !" re-echo thro'
 the Skies !

XXIX.

Then shall ETERNAL LOVE
 In all its boundless Glories blaze,
 And Saints and Seraphim united, prove
 The fulness of recovering, and preserving Grace.
 Tun'd for Eternal Praise, our raptur'd Souls
 Shall find their Bliss in that sublime Employ ;
 Long as Eternity's vast Circle rolls,
 JEHOVAH's LOVE shall yield a Heaven of Joy,
 And his High Praises fill th' Empyrean Sky.

HYMN TO THE REDEEMER.

I.

FAR beyond the twinkling Stars,
Above the azure Plains,
Shining in his glorious Scars,
The CRUCIFIED reigns;
Who once with lacerating Thorns,
Was in Derision crown'd,
Glory infinite adorns ;
Midst Thousand Thrones enthron'd.

II.

Fairest Sons of Morning, bow
Around his Sapphire Seat ;
Cast their loftiest Honors low
Before his pierced Feet ;
Angels know no sweeter Bliss,
Nor ask a greater Boon :
Gabriel's highest Glory is,
When there he casts his Crown.

III.

Wrapt in Love's Eternal Flame,
And fill'd with purest Fires ;
They delight to chaunt his Name,
And bid their speaking Lyres,

Labour to exalt the Sound,
Tho' bending with the Load ;
And tell Immensity around
The mighty Love of GOD.

IV.

ZION, his eternal Choice,
More blest than Angels are,
Rend the Heavens with joyful Voice,
And join the Anthems there.
'Twas for thee, and thee alone,
The SAVIOR groan'd and bled ;
'Twas to ransom thee, undone,
He bow'd his dying Head.

V.

He became the SACRIFICE,
And suffer'd all for thee ;
GOD incarnate was the Price
Which set thy Captives free.
Blood divine alone procur'd
The Pardon of thy Sins ;
Blood divine, profusely pour'd
In agonizing Pains.

VI.

O Believers ! look by Faith,
And your REDEEMER see,
Languishing in Love and Death,
High on the shameful Tree ;

On his wounded Body gaze,
And view the streaming Gore ;
Till o'erwhelm'd with vast Amaze,
Ye tremble and adore.

VII.

Blessings endless and immense
That Tree abundant bears,
Once on *Calvary's* Eminence,
Planted in Blood and Tears.
Living and Immortal Joys
Spring from the fruitful Place ;
Rich balsamic Herbs arise,
To heal the human Race.

VIII.

Thou art worthy, dying LAMB !
Of universal Praise :
Let Eternity proclaim
Thy great redeeming Grace ;
Glory, Worship and Renown,
From ev'ry Quarter flow ;
Boundless Honors deck the Crown,
And place it on thy Brow.

NATURE AND GRACE.

I.

ETERNAL TRUTH affirms,
And all Believers know,
That *Adam's* Race, poor fallen Worms,
Have lost their Power to Do.

II.

And tho' restor'd by Grace,
By mighty Grace indeed!
The Strength we in ourselves possess,
Is like a bruised Reed.

III.

A *Will* to serve my God,
Through sov'reign Grace is mine ;
But daily Strength must be bestow'd,
If I would conquer Sin.

IV.

Old Nature in my Breast,
Still struggles with the New ;
A mortal Enmity subsists
Between these warring Two.

V.

Nature would fain confine
My Thoughts to earthly Things;
But Grace points up to Things divine,
And gives me heav'nly Wings.

VI.

Nature indulges Pride,
And gives *Free-will* the Throne;
But Grace instructs me to confide
In GOD my STRENGTH alone.

VII.

Nature's a Friend to Earth,
And loves its Maxims much;
But Grace constrains me to go forth,
And bear the LAMB'S Reproach.

VIII.

Nature esteems his Yoke,
To be a grievous Load;
Grace puts it on, and bids me look
To the ALMIGHTY GOD.

IX.

Nature cries, ' Friend desist,
And leave this rugged Way.'
But Grace says, ' This is not thy Rest;
Go on, make no Delay.'

X.

Nature repines and frets,
At the chastising Rod ;
But taught by Grace, my Soul submits
To all the Will of God.

XI.

Nature disdains to bow
Before the Mercy-Seat ;
But Grace will lay, and keep me low,
At the REDEEMER'S Feet.

XII.

Nature knows nothing of
Communion with the LAMB ;
But drawn by Grace, O how I love
To call upon his Name !

XIII.

With ev'ry hateful Ill
The nat'ral Mind is fraught ;
Nor has it either Strength or Will
To think e'en one good Thought.

XIV.

But GOD the SPIRIT'S Grace
Renews the carnal Heart ;
And his own Image does impress
Deeply on ev'ry Part.

XV.

Not Fire and Water, worse
Than Sin and Grace agree ;
Not Heav'n and Hell are more diverse
Than these two Natures be.

XVI.

My worst and busiest Foe
In my own Bosom lies ;
Where'er I am, whate'er I do,
I feel its Motions rise.

XVII.

Thus all my Works are spoil'd,
By some curs'd lurking Sin !
My purest Actions are defil'd,
My holiest Thoughts unclean.

XVIII.

(Where is Perfection found?
Ye wild Fanatics! where?—
It never treads this earthly Ground,
Nor breathes polluted Air!)

XIX.

When to the sacred Courts,
I go to seek the LORD,
Some trifling Vanity diverts
My Notice from the Word.

XX.

What worldly Thoughts intrude,
And rushing through my Mind,
Often deprive me of that Good,
I wish'd, and hop'd to find!

XXI.

When at his Throne I bend,
My Prayers I only "*say*,"
And tho' my Heart to Heav'n I send,
It loiters by the Way.

XXII.

For empty Things of Earth,
And Trifles light as Air;
I oft forget Eternal Worth,
And love the specious Snare.

XXIII.

I'm told to cast my Cares
And Burthens on the LORD;
But anxious, unbelieving Fears,
Oppose my FATHER'S Word.

XXIV.

O wretched, that I am!
Who shall deliver me?
I thank my GOD! thro' CHRIST the LAMB,
He gives the Victory.

XXV.

Nature shall daily yield,
Its Forces weaker grow ;
And Grace at last shall keep the Field,
Without a rival Foe.

XXVI.

Then shall I serve my LORD,
Without a wand'ring Thought ;
And all my Pow'rs with sweet accord,
Shall praise Him as they ought.

REAL HAPPINESS ONLY IN CHRIST, THE
FOUNTAIN.

(This Piece, and a few others which are marked thus (), have before
appeared in Print.)*

WHEN every Hope of Creature Bliss expires,
When all those mean and groveling Desires,
(That chain th' immortal Mind to Earth and Sense)
With bitter disappointment meet ;
How sweet the dear Resource ! when we return,
(Drawn by all-powerful Grace)
To sit again at the REDEEMER'S Feet,

And on his Bosom to repose ;
To hear his Voice, and see his smiling Face.
To draw our Bliss alone from thence,
And smell the fragrancy of Sharon's ROSE,
That never wears a Thorn.

Just like an Army once in vig'rous Chase,
Of airy Conquests, Honors, Wealth and Fame ;
But now repuls'd, they to their Shame,
Find all their high-flown Hopes to be
But a delusive Dream ;
And in Confusion flee,
Determin'd never more to roam,
In search of visionary Bliss and real Misery.

O may redeeming, everlasting Love,
Invigorate my Wings !
And bear my vast, capacious Soul above
All those sublunar Things,
From whence Content and Satisfaction never Springs;
But ever leaves the Mind,
Gasping for more ; and numerous Wishes yet
deny'd,
Boundless Desires yet left behind,
Wearied with waiting to be satisfy'd !

Then, O my thirsting Spirit ! rise,
(Let Meditation aid thy Flight,)
With greatest Speed direct thy Course
Up, thro' the Region of these fading Skies;
The Stars, and all inferior Worlds despise,
And deign not to alight
Short of the Everlasting INFINITE;—
The uncreated, all-sufficient SOURCE
Of Bliss; there drink unmeasur'd Draughts ('twill
never cloy)
Of real, pure Felicity,
From ev'ry pois'nous Mixture free,
That mingles with the purest Stream of earthly Joy.

ABEL'S MORNING HYMN.

ATTEMPTED FROM

GESSNER'S DEATH OF ABEL.

RETIRE, O Sleep! from every Eye,
Ye hovering Dreams! to Shades of Darkness fly;
Reason again her Throne resumes,
Reason again the Mind illumines:

Just as the Sun arising from his Rest,
 Emerging from his Chamber in the East,
 Enlightens and revives the fertile Earth.
 Bright Luminary, hail! who darrest forth
 Thy Beams refulgent from behind the Hills,
 And thro' the Cedar Trees;—thy friendly Rays
 With Life and Vigour all Creation fills,
 In Light and Colour, Nature's Face displays,
 Of every ruder Veil her various Charms divest;
 Till her unfolded Beauties smile, with new-born
 Graces drest.

II.

Retire, O Sleep! from every Eye;
 Ye hovering Dreams! to Shades of Darkness fly.
 Where are now the Shades of Night?
 Whither have they sped their Flight?
 To deep Recesses of the Rocks they're gone;
 In the bushy Grove they wait,
 There to welcome our Retreat,
 From the glowing, sultry Heat,
 And with their Coolness to refresh the burning Noor.

III.

See! where the new-born Day first breaks,
 Which first the slumb'ring Eagle wakes,
 And where th' unfeather'd Brood secure abides;
 Where on the glittering Summit of each Rock,
 And on the Mountain's shining Sides,

Exhaling Fumes ascend, and mix
With the pure Air of Morn ;
As from Burnt-Offerings, the curling Smoke
Up to propitious Heaven is borne;
Thus the returning Light,
Rejoicing Nature celebrates, and pays
To NATURE'S GOD (whose Goodness claims his
Right)
The Sacrifice of grateful Praise.

IV.

Praise the CREATOR ! all things that exist,
Down from the Greatest to the Least ;
From tall Archangels, down to creeping Worms,
Render him Praise in all its various Forms.
Praise the ALL-WISE, whose high Command
And efficacious Call,
At first produced All ;
And still preserves them with his gracious Hand

V.

Ye springing Flowers !
Exhale the Sweets HE gave you in his Praise,
And to the Skies your spicy Fragrance raise.
Ye plummy Tribes, who unmolested rove
In trackless Air, and thro' the peaceful Grove,
Pour forth the Warbling of your little Throats ;
And praise HIM with your soft and thrilling Notes,
Who gave you these melodious Powers.

While the majestic Lion, Honor pays,
 In dreadful Roarings, heard a spacious Round,
 Which in the Caverns of the Rocks resound,
 And thro' the Woods reverberate his awful Praise.

VI.

Praise GOD, my Soul! thy great PRESERVER praise,
 O bless his Name! and in aspiring Lays,
 His rich, abundant Goodness own;
 Let Man's adoring Voice, O LORD! first pierce
 The lower Skies, and reach thy lofty Throne;
 In the Grey Twilight, in the Morning Dawn,
 While yet the Birds and Beasts in Slumbers rest;
 When I attempt thy Kindness to rehearse,
 O may my solitary Song,
 The weak Effusions of my Heart and Tongue,
 With thy complacent Smile be crown'd and blest!

VII.

O how Magnificent and Grand,
 Are all the Works of thy creating Hand!
 Wisdom and Goodness stamp'd on all appears,
 And Charms ineffable glad Nature wears.
 Where'er I turn my Eyes, I find
 Marks of thy Bounty, shewn a Thousand Ways,
 And each transported Sense conveys
 Their wond'rous Beauties to my ravish'd Mind.

O GOD! tho' I am sinful, frail, and weak,
Yet would my thankful Tongue attempt to speak
The Raptures of my Mind in humble Praise.

VIII:

MAKER OMNIPOTENT!

In thy adorable Perfections blest,
Of Glories Infinite and underiv'd possess'd.

Center and Source of all that's Excellent!
O, what induced thee to call
From NOTHING, this gay, beauteous ALL?

To bid chaotic Darkness flee,
And give the fair Creation Birth?

Thou SELF-EXISTENT! what induced THEE
To form Man from the Dust of Earth,
And breathe into him an immortal Soul?—
'Twas Goodness Infinite that mov'd THEE to the
Whole,

That gave him Being and capacious Powers,
Form'd to enjoy supreme Felicity,
In glorifying and adoring THEE,
While here below, then in th' immortal Bowers.

IX.

O smiling Morn!

A faint, but beauteous Emblem in thee,
Of the All-wise CREATOR'S Work I see;
When the gay Sun just risen from his Bed,

Disperses from the Earth,
Vapours of nightly Birth,
And thickest Glooms before his Presence drives ;
All Nature soon revives,
And fairest Charms her blooming Face adorn.

X.

Th' ALMIGHTY spake ;—eternal Darkness fled !
And Silence his prolific Word obey'd.
At his Command, the teeming Earth,
To countless Myriads gave Birth ;
Who drest in variegated Plumage, try'd
Their fluttering Wings aloft in Air to raise,
And render'd Vocal the astonish'd Woods
With the beneficent CREATOR'S Praise.
Th' ALMIGHTY MAKER'S Voice Earth hears again,
And numerous Shapes burst from the heaving Clods ;
And Streams of Life thro' Veins unnumber'd glide ;
The new-form'd Horse bounds o'er the verdant Plain,
With strange Surprise, and neighing shakes his
Mane ;

While the strong Lion, eager to be freed
From the embrace of cumb'rous Earth,
Attempts his harmless Roar, and rushes forth.
A Hill moves, big with Life—it bursts—and thence
The huge, unwieldy Elephant proceeds—
These are thy Works ! O THOU ALMIGHTY EXCEL-
LENCE !

XI.

Each Morn, thy Goodness, which first gave us
Breath,

Bids Sleep our new refreshed Powers forsake,
(Image of non-existence, and of Death)
Surrounded by thy Bounties we awake,
And join unanimous to chaunt thy Praise.
The Time will come, the joyful Time will come,
When to thy Throne, shall rise a rich Perfume
Of grateful Praise, from every Region, where
Frail Mortals know their MAKER's fostering Care,
On every Hill thy sacred Altars blaze,
The mystic Types of Righteousness and Grace ;
And from the rising to the setting Day,
Restored Man thy Goodness shall display,
And to thy glorious Name his highest Honors pay.

AN ODE TO DIVINE REVELATION.

HAIL! precious Volume! GOD's unerring Word,
What Treasures in thy sacred Leaves are stor'd!
Unfathomable Depths of Wisdom shine,
And ev'ry Page proclaims the Book divine.

'Tis here we learn, that all Creation sprung
 At the ALMIGHTY's Call,
 From Chaos and Eternal Night ;
 His single Fiat this terrestrial Ball,
 And all yon beauteous Orbs of Light,
 Self-balanc'd on their Centers hung :
 In these the DEITY's Perfections shine ;
 But yet we read of Wonders more divine.

II.

'Tis here reveal'd, how the CREATOR can
 Be reconcil'd to vile, rebellious Man ;
 To his tremendous Threat'nings be Just,
 And yet be Merciful to sinful Dust :—
 Wonder, O Heavens!—O Earth ! be thou amaz'd !
 The LORD OF GLORY left th' angelic Forms,
 And took his Residence with mortal Worms,
 That they to Life Eternal might be rais'd !

III.

The SON OF GOD bore all his People's Sin,
 And Everlasting Righteousness brought in ;
 HE felt the bitter Agonies and Pains
 To Sinners due from an offended GOD :
 The Sword of Justice from his sacred Veins
 Pour'd forth a Torrent of atoning Blood.
 HE dy'd—HE rose—and sat triumphant down,
 At the Right Hand of GOD, his Father's Throne ;
 The Merits of his Life and Death to plead,
 And for his Bride, the Church to intercede ;

To send his HOLY SPIRIT down,
To call and sanctify his own;
And make them meet to rise,
Above these lower Skies,
To bathe in Bliss, and drink Immortal Joys.

IV.

Blest Revelation ! full of Grace and Truth !
May thy sweet Promises, and just Commands,
Our better Thoughts, our chief Concern engage;
To guide and fix the Mind of wav'ring Youth,
And point to HIM, who is the GATE OF BLISS ;
To raise and strengthen hoary Age,
And fill the Soul with true substantial Peace,
That ready stands,
To launch into the boundless Sea,
And learn th' unutterable Secrets of Eternity.

MEDITATION

ON THE
THE LORD'S DAY MORNING, (*)

I.

FAR from my Soul, O Sleep ! retire ;
Nor longer clog my thinking Mind :
To Things Immortal I aspire—
Things of a noble, heavenly kind.

II.

This is the Day that JESUS bid
Defiance to the conquer'd Grave ;
He rose, a VICTOR from the Dead,
A glorious SAVIOR, strong to save.

III.

He rose—a Proof that we shall rise,
And unto HIM, our HEAD, ascend,
When Heav'n and Earth, and Sea and Skies,
With the last Hour of Time shall end.

IV.

To-day his Heralds loud proclaim
Salvation to a rebel Race ;
Thro' the exalted SAVIOR's Name,
Thro' his rich Blood and Righteousness.

V.

To-day to Zion's Hill we go,
With joyful Hearts and willing Feet ;
And fain would leave the World below,
While we go up our GOD to meet.

VI.

To-day we join to supplicate
JEHOVAH at a Throne of Grace ;
We come before his Mercy-Seat,
And wait the shinings of his Face.

VII.

O JESUS ! we shall meet in vain,
If THOU thy quick'ning Life withhold ;
Our carnal Hearts will still remain,
Languid, indifferent and cold.

VIII.

Thou SOURCE of Light and Life divine !
Give each a praying, waiting Heart ;
Let ev'ry Thought, O Lord ! be thine,
Bid all obtruding Cares depart.

IX.

O give us each a sweet Foretaste
Of that eternal Sabbath-Day,
When nothing shall disturb our Rest,
Or steal from THEE our Love away.

X.

Hasten, and bring the Period round,
When all redeem'd with JESU's Blood,
In one Assembly shall be found,
To praise the Faithfulness of God.

FINAL PERSEVERANCE;

OR,

THE SAFETY OF THE CHURCH. (*)

I.

THE Ransom'd of JESUS, the SPIRIT doth call
From the Power of *Satan* to GOD;
And HE has declared they never shall fall,
Or finally leave *Zion's Road*.

II.

Tho' Sin, and the World, and *Satan*, combine
To drive or to draw them away;
OMNIPOTENCE chose them, and 'tis his Design
To bring them to Regions of Day.

III.

And think you, JEHOVAH will suffer his own,
Whom HE lov'd e'er the World began,
To be torn from his Arms;—to *Tophet* cast down,
With the rest of rebellious Man?

IV.

For ev'ry Believer IMMANUEL shed
His rich meritorious Blood;
The Curse of the Law brought down on his Head,
The Wrath and the Vengeance of GOD.

V.

The Weakest was bought with an Infinite PRICE,
Which Infinite Mercy supply'd;
How blasphemous, then, to imagine that CHRIST
Can be robb'd of his purchased Bride !

VI.

The Sword of JEHOVAH was bath'd in his Blood,
And that shall for ever suffice ;
Stern Justice receiv'd the last Mite which they ow'd,
And the Payment he cannot urge twice.

VII.

The SPIRIT of JESUS shall never depart
From the Soul whom his Mercy subdues ;
The Devil HE drives from the Throne of the Heart ;
The Mind, Will and Affections renews.

VIII.

Old *Satan* his Kingdom shall never regain,
The Church is the Temple of GOD ;
A TRIUNE JEHOVAH unrivall'd shall reign,
In this his Eternal Abode.

IX.

When the Trumpet of GOD shall terribly sound,
And summon both Living and Dead,
Without Spot or Wrinkle the Church shall be found*,
Glorify'd and complete in her HEAD.

* Eph. 5, 27.

X.

Not a Soul shall be wanting, but all shall be there
Whom the FATHER gave JESUS to keep ;
Who then will present them, and to HIM declare,
“ I have not lost one of thy Sheep.”

XI.

Could *Satan* steal one of those Jewels, for which
The SAVIOR his Life did lay down,
And intends shall for ever adorn and enrich
His grand Mediatorial Crown *;

XII.

O how would he boast of his Wisdom and Might !
Superior to JESUS in both ;
And brag of destroying JEHOVAH's Delight,
Notwithstanding his Promise and Oath !

XIII.

How horrid the Thought ! how dishon'ring to God !
No ; IMMANUEL never will part
With a Sinner, who flees to the Fount of his Blood,
From a Sense of the “ Plague of his Heart.”

XIV.

Believer, take Comfort, and onward proceed,
“ The Battle's not thine but the LORD's ! ”
Keep close in Communion with JESUS thy HEAD,
And feed on his strength'ning Words.

* Mal. 3, 17.

XV.

On *Canaan's* fair Land thy Feet shall soon tread,
Then rise above groundless Dismay;
Rejoice in the Promise of HIM who hath said,
"THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL HOLD ON HIS WAY."

LINES, ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER, CONTAINING REMARKS ON THE
IMPORTANCE OF A CONSTANT ATTENDANCE ON THE
PUBLIC WORSHIP OF GOD, &c.

I'VE read your Epistle, and thank you dear Friend,
And hope for the future, the more to attend
To that Admonition contained therein
Which bids me avoid all appearance of Sin,
And beware of whatever would tend to produce
Indiff'rence to waiting on GOD in his House.

With longing Affection, I love Zion's Gate;
At the Posts of her Doors I'll constantly wait *,

* Prov. 8, 34.

To hear the blest Sound of my JESUS's Love,
 For there his sweet Presence I often do prove;
 Yea, I have beneath his fair Shadow sat down,
 And eat of his Fruit, and have call'd Him my own
 When I to his Banqueting House have been led,
 With heav'nly Manna I oft have been fed;
 My Spirit refresh'd, and my Graces renew'd,
 My Journey I have with fresh Vigour pursu'd.

The Wiles and Devices of *Satan*, indeed,
 Are often concealed, and craftily hid
 In plausible Forms and Pretences, which wear
 A Shew of Religion, the better to Snare
 Poor short-sighted Pilgrims, and lead us astray,
 By little and little, to leave the good Way;
 And, O! when I think on my treacherous Heart,
 So vilely disposed! so prone to depart!

I see the great Need there's for Watching and Pray'r,
 To walk circumspectly with Caution and Care.

Indeed, my dear Friend, very often I've thought,
 Before your affectionate Letter was wrote,
 How dangerous it is, for Christians to join
 With those who are Strangers to Mercy divine;
 The Serious and Moral, as well as Profane,
 Till renewed by Grace, are under the Reign

And Dominion of *Satan*; and still are the Foes
 Of JESUS, my MASTER, his Gospel and Cause;
 And an Union of Soul can never exist
 Between *Satan*'s Slaves and the Servants of CHRIST;

I likewise acknowledge the Evil you mention,
 Is apt to creep in, when too much Attention
 And Time is employed, to plan and prepare,
 What Raiment will best become us to wear.

How foolish the Wish! to look well in the Eyes
 Of those, whose Opinion we ought to despise;
 To vie with the *Butterfly*'s gaudy Attire,
 So that a vain World may gaze and admire;
 How *worthless* th' Esteem that's so meanly procur'd!
 How *little* the Heart by such Trifles allur'd!

But this be my Study, this may I prefer,
 To be glorious within, and still seek to repair
 To the Courts of the LORD, and there to behold
 My SAVIOR his heav'nly Beauties unfold.
 A Taste of his Mercy, a Glimpse of his Graces,
 Transcends all the Joy which the Worldling possesses.
 His Presence removes ev'ry anxious Care,
 And gives me with Patience each Trial to bear.
 If JESUS but smile, all my Sorrows depart,
 And Peace and Tranquillity enter my Heart;

I cry while enjoying such heav'nly Bliss—

“LORD, evermore feed me with Manna like this.”

But, alas! I have Reason to mourn and lament,
How few and how seldom the Minutes thus spent;
Vain Trifles of Earth too often intrude,
And steal my Attention from spiritual Good;
This Moment my Thoughts, rise, and trample on Stars,
The next they are bury'd in earthly Affairs!
O what Imperfection!—I long to be gone,
And worship IMMANUEL where there is none!
In *Salem* above, the Abode of the Blest,
Where Sin never enters, their Peace to molest.
No Sorrow or Sighing is there ever known,
For JESUS the LAMB, in the midst of the Throne,
Wipes away all their Tears, (sad Signs of Distress)
And leads them to Springs of ineffable Bliss.

On his Life-giving Wounds they eternally gaze,
And breathe out their Spirits in Raptures of Praise;
No indwelling Sin casts a Damp on their Joy,
No wandering Thoughts interrupt their Employ;
But sinless Perfection (enjoy'd there alone)
Pervades the Hosannas which circle the Throne.

Well;—let us take Comfort, for we shall e'er long,
 Be Perfect as they are, and join in their Song;
 Sure, this should encourage us onward to press
 Towards the rich Prize, at the End of our Race,
 Prepared, and promis'd, and given by Grace.



LONGING FOR ETERNITY.

WHEN will that Hour, that best of Hours be mine,
 Which to the weary Pilgrim's waiting View,
 Brings the fair Star of Morn, the Dawn of Heav'n,
 The glorious Prelude to eternal Day?

When will that ling'ring, slow-pac'd Hour arrive,
 Bearing the Summons on its azure Wings,
 The Summons from my FATHER'S Throne, that bids
 Me leave this Wilderness, and soar above?—
 Joyful I'd hail the Messenger of Life,
 (No more of Death, save to this sinful Flesh,)
 Welcome the Angel, and his Chariot pav'd
 With springing Glories of Eternal Love.

Fain would I learn terrestrial Things to Scorn:
 Earth with its lying Baubles all appear,
 View'd by Religion, and by Reason weigh'd,
 Light, unsubstantial, as the flying Cloud,
 That mocks the Earth, when parch'd by Summer
 Drought.

There's nought the Canopy of Heaven o'erspreads
 There's nought below the wide extended Skies,
 Can form a Rest divine enough to hold
 This Ray of GODHEAD, this aspiring Soul.
 Her vast, immense, uncircumscrib'd Desires,
 Grasp at INFINITY itself, and ask
 ETERNITY alone to bound her Bliss.
Eternity! dear name! at thought of thee,
 (Dear, undefin'd, uncomprehended Sound!)
 An awful Joy flows thro' my thrilling Veins;
Eternity! 'tis thou alone which makes
 Life's grievous Load supportable; thy Smiles
 Invite the Just to press serenely on;
 Thy Frowns deter the weary Soul from rushing
 Heedless to thy forbidden, strange Embrace.

* It v
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EARLY PIETY.

AN ADMONITORY ADDRESS TO CHILDREN*.

PART FIRST.

I.

How pleasant are Religion's Ways!
The Paths of Grace and Truth how Fair!
O! I lament my earliest Days,
Were not employ'd in walking there.

II.

What vast Felicities I lost,
Which early Piety enjoys!
My little Heart was then engross'd
By trifling Vanities and Toys.

III.

I often think, with sore Regret,
What Days and Months, yea, Years, have been
Whilst in my ruin'd, native State,
Wasted in Ignorance and Sin.

* It will not be an unpleasing Task for an affectionate Parent, to explain in more familiar and easy Language, those Sentences which may be unintelligible to a childish Capacity.

IV.

None know what Pleasures are enjoy'd
In loving, and in serving God,
But who themselves have really try'd,
And walk'd the fair, delightful Road.

V.

How blest are those who seek the LORD,
And bend their Knees in humble Prayer !
Who careful read his sacred Word,
And learn true, heav'nly Wisdom there !

VI.

How sweet to hear an Infant Voice
With rev'rence lisp the SAVIOR's Name :
The Angels listen—and rejoice !
And glory to repeat the same.

PART SECOND.

VII.

Come, Children, learn the pleasant Ways
Of heav'nly Grace and sacred Truth ;
Devote to GOD your earliest Days,
And taste true Pleasures in your Youth.

VIII.

Say not, "'Tis yet too soon for me
To have such serious Thoughts as these ;
A Thousand pretty Things I see
My playful Mind will better please."

IX.

But my young Friend, think you must die,
And God alone can tell how soon ;
For aught you know, Death now stands by,
And may this Moment cut you down.

X.

And if your Sins are not forgiv'n,
If God has not renew'd your Heart,
You surely shall not enter Heav'n,
For God Himself will say, "*Depart !*"

XI.

If drove from God, what can you do ?
His Wrath will sink you down to Hell,
Where all unpardon'd Sinners go,
And where unholy Spirits dwell.

XII.

Why from this frightful Scene withdraw,
And say, "God is not so severe !" —
Have you not broke his righteous Law,
And liv'd neglectful of his Fear ?

PART THIRD.

XIII.

Have you not covetously survey'd,
And wish'd another's Right to have ?
Have you not grudgingly obey'd
The just Commands your Parents gave ?

XIV.

When you've receiv'd supposed Wrong,
Has Anger not inflam'd your Breast?
And when you dar'd, has not your 'Tongue'
Your weak, revengeful Thoughts exprest?

XV.

All these are Sins, and many more,
Which from your wicked Heart arise;
And God can never pass them o'er
Or view them with indiff'rent Eyes.

XVI.

Pardon'd or punish'd they must be;
And if you blest with God appear,
You must be justify'd, for He
"In no wise will the Guilty clear."

XVII.

One Sin's enough to ruin you,
And surely will, if not forgiv'n;
The youngest Infant dying so,
Can never taste the Sweets of Heav'n.

PART FOURTH.

XVIII.

But I have happy News to tell,
How all your Sins may be forgiv'n;
How you may 'scape the Flames of Hell,
And be made meet to enter Heav'n.

XIX.

JESUS, who lives above the Sky,
Who made the World and all therein,
Came down for such as You and I,
To save such Sinners from their Sin.

XX.

A little Child our LORD became,
That little Children might be sav'd:
HE dy'd a SACRIFICE for them,
And paid the Debt that Justice crav'd.

XXI.

HE bore our Sorrow and our Pain,
And shed his Sin-removing Blood,
Our Peace and Pardon to obtain,
And make a Way for us to GOD.

XXII.

Then cry, dear Children, cry to GOD,
For pard'ning, sanctifying Grace;
For Mercy, thro' the SAVIOR's Blood,
And thro' his perfect Righteousness.

XXIII.

Ask HIM to put his Love and Fear
Within your Heart, and deeply write
His holy Laws and Precepts there,
And make them your supreme Delight.

XXIV.

Only in JESUS CHRIST believe,
And trust your Soul upon his Death;
And GOD will ev'ry Blessing give,
The GOD who gave you such a Faith.

PART FIFTH.

XXV.

If GOD your MAKER is your FRIEND,
What Happiness will then be yours!
You will not even wish to spend
In foolish Play, your precious Hours.

XXVI.

Bright Angels then will be your Guard;
And tho' conceal'd from mortal Sight,
Will keep the Servant of the LORD,
Secure from Harm both Day and Night.

XVII.

You will not be afraid to die,
And to another World remove;
Angels will bear you thro' the Sky,
And waft you to the Lands of Love.

XXVIII.

Your SAVIOR GOD you shall behold,
And see his Glory's brightest Blaze;
And with a shining Harp of Gold,
His great redeeming Mercy praise.

XXIX.

Nor Sin, nor Pain shall ever be,
Within that holy, happy Place;
Sorrow and Sighing far shall flee,
And Tears be wip'd from ev'ry Face,

XXX.

Let Hell and everlasting Pain,
Let Heav'n and sacred Joys below,
Let JESU'S Love your Soul constrain,
To seek your Great CREATOR now.

TO PARENTS.

I.

WITH deep Concern, ye Parents think,
How Rich immortal Spirits are!
Tremble to see them on the Brink
Of endless Ruin, void of Care.

II.

Had you the Rule of all the Stars,
Which in yon Fields of Æther roll;
Were Thousand Worlds, with their Affairs,
All subject made to your Controul;

III.

The Charge would not be half so great,
Nor your Concern demand so loud ;
As does your Children and their State,
Their future and eternal Good.

IV.

O ! should their precious Souls be wreck'd,
And you not warn'd them of the Sands,
What doubled Wrath must you expect,
From GOD, the great AVENGER'S Hands !

V.

But those who taste, and know, indeed,
How Good and Gracious is the LORD ;
Will wish and strive to have their Seed,
With Gospel Knowledge richly stor'd.

VI.

Where the Two Characters unite,
The *Christian* and the *Parent* meet ;
Their Duty is made their Delight,
And brings its own Reward with it.

VII.

It makes their tend'rest Feelings move,
To see their Offspring yet in Sin :
The Christian and the Parent's Love,
Tries ev'ry Mean their Souls to Win.

VIII.

The Truths of Scripture they enforce,
Precepts and Promises apply ;
And by a cheerful, holy Course,
Those sacred Truths exemplify.

IX.

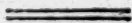
Yet, when their best Endeavour's done,
In that, they dare not place their Trust ;
They know that quick'ning Pow'r alone
Belongs to God, the HOLY GHOST.

X.

And hence it is, they often pour
Their very Souls before his Throne ;
In secret Prayer (with Tears) implore,
ALMIGHTY GRACE his Truth to own.

XI.

Nor shall the Parent's flowing Tears,
And earnest Prayers their Answer lose ;
The God of Israel always hears
The praying SPIRIT HE bestows :



REFLECTIONS

ON COMING FROM

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

I.

FATHER, I thank THEE for thy Grace,
Which has so plenteously spread,
A Table in this Wilderness,
That thy dear People may be fed :
Be strengthen'd to pursue their Path,
And without fainting, walk by Faith.

II.

JESUS, my dear REDEEMER bled,
To fill the Cup with cheering Wine ;
His broken Body is our Bread,
These make our Feast, indeed, Divine ;
Our Souls upon HIM feed and live,
While we the sacred *Signs* receive.

III.

Amazing Scenes we here behold,
INFINITE LOVE !—A BLEEDING GOD * !—
But, O my stupid Heart !—how Cold !
Almost a Trifler with his Blood !

* Acts, 20, 28.

Instead of flaming Faith and Love,
My dull Affections scarce would move.

IV.

I heard the loving SAVIOR groan ;
I saw the GOD of Nature die :
But I (with Sorrow let me own
The base Ingratitude) stood by,
And not a single Tear let fall,
Tho' 'twas for me, HE suffer'd all.

V.

Pardon, O GOD ! my num'rous Faults,
The Sin of my most holy Things * ;
Those proud and unbelieving Thoughts
My best Performance with it brings.
Me, and my Works, O gracious GOD !
Wash in the LAMB's atoning Blood.

VI.

O THOU OMNIPOTENT ! who burst
The solid Rock ; at whose Command,
A River flow'd to quench the Thirst
Of Israel in a desert Land ;—
Thy Pow'r exert, for Thine alone
Can melt and break a Heart of Stone.

Exod. xxviii. 28.

VII.

When I remember JESU'S Smart,
Bid Streams of godly Sorrow flow :
" Create in me a contrite Heart,"
To mourn for that which wrought his Woe :
And when I view his flowing Blood,
Inflame my Love and Gratitude.

VIII.

O may my Walk be, Day by Day,
Humble and Holy with my GOD ;
And thus to all around, display
The wond'rous Pow'r of JESU'S Blood,
To purify a filthy Heart,
And bid Ungodliness depart.

IX.

FATHER, to thy forgiving Grace ;
To GOD the SON'S redeeming Love ;
To GOD the SPIRIT'S quick'ning Rays ;
Let Saints below, and Saints above,
Their loudest Hallelujahs frame,
And praise TRIUNE-JEHOVAH'S NAME.

A VIEW OF HEAVEN.

I.

BEHOLD yon blazing, greatly blessed Powers,
Inhabiting the ever-blooming Bowers
Of Paradise;
Ask what's the Subject of their high-tun'd Songs,
From whence their Joys,
"For ever circling" rise;
And what's the NAME that warbles from their
Tongues,
Whose mighty Influence commands
The Music of Ten Thousand skilful Hands.

II.

Redeeming Mercy, and Incarnate Love;
Is their unrivall'd Theme;
Harmoniously their lofty Numbers rove
Thro' all the Glories of my JESU's Name,
And in the sweet Employment prove
Th' increasing Ardour of Love's sacred Flame.

III.

In Songs of Melody and Praise
The ransom'd Armies sing,
The Triumphs of all-conq'ring Grace
And Vict'ries of the *Galilean* KING.

Unweariedly they tell,
How JESUS freely gave
His Life for theirs, that HE might save
Their guilty Souls from Hell ;
And give them Pardon, Life, and Peace,
And raise them to the Heights of Bliss.

IV.

They sing the bitter Smart
Which pierc'd his sinless Heart ;
The Agony and Pain,
HE suffer'd, to regain
Immortal Blessings for his chosen Train.
" Worthy the LAMB !" they cry aloud,
" Who wash'd us in his cleansing Blood,
" And made us Kings and Priests unto his FATHER
" GOD :"
" Worthy the LAMB !" they cry, then prostrate fall
Before his Feet, and " crown HIM LORD of all."

V.

This GOD is mine ! my LORD ! my KING !
JESUS hath bled, and dy'd for me !
O how I long to rise and sing,
Among that glorious Company !
I long to stretch my Wings,
And fly to fill that Place
Prepar'd by sov'reign Grace

For me, before this Earth,
 Or Time receiv'd their Birth;
 And shall eternally survive,
 The Ruin of all transitory Things;
 And undecay'd remain, as long as God shall live.

VI.

Why should the Earth detain,
 One ling'ring Rebel Wish behind?
 Its Joys are full of Pain,
 And vex and tantalize the Mind.
 I charge my Soul! all my Affections and Desires!
 Be ye detach'd from all
 Below these withering Skies;
 Watch, and be ready to attend the Call,
 That bids my Spirit rise,
 And take her Seat among the heav'nly Choirs,
 And join the Music of immortal Lyres.

DISCOURAGED BECAUSE OF THE WAY.

THE HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTERNESS.—PROV. XIV. 10.

How painful is this tedious Round of Life,
 Beset with thorny Cares and vexing Strife!
 Rough and uneven all the Way appears;
 "A howling Wilderness;" "a Vale of Tears."

Fell Sorrow haunts it in a Thousand Forms,
 Sits in Reflection ;—raves in furious Storms ;
 Attends our Steps thro' all the lonesome Way ;
 Now goads us on ;—now clogs our Feet with Clay,
 Sometimes we flee, and GOD OUR REFUGE seek,
 Anon we sink, dispirited and weak ;
 One Trouble past, Another rushes on,
 And Life and Mis'ry seem to be but One.
 We can enjoy no true, no lasting Rest,
 While jarring Passions agitate the Breast ;
 While Hopes and Fears conflicting rend the Heart,
 They bid the light-wing'd Seraph, PEACE, depart.

Tho' blooming Roses, and fair fragrant Flowers,
 With various Charms the Trav'ler's Eye allures ;
 Tho' loaded Trees on either Side his Way,
 Inviting Fruits with ruddy Smiles display ;
 Yet, these, alas ! true Bliss cannot bestow,
 They oft increase, but seldom lessen Woe ;
 Some are replete with Poison, and invite
 To taste Destruction, gilded with Delight !
 Others there are, that in themselves include
 Nothing but what is Excellent and Good ;—
 He who is conscious of their Value, tries
 With eager Hand, to grasp the pleasing Prize ;
 But wounds his Fingers with opposing Thorns,
 Looks with Regret, and disappointed mourns.

Did not my FATHER's Promise bear me up,
 And EVERLASTING LOVE support my Hope;
 Did not a brighter Scene salute my Eyes,
 And fairer Prospects in my Hopes arise;
 I could not bear;—No, I must sink beneath
 These sore Calamities, and pour my wasting Breath
 In sad Complaints, invoking the Deliverer, DEATH. }

ENCOURAGEMENT.

I.

WHY, O my Soul! art thou cast down?
 Why heaves this Breast with mournful Sighs?
 Spring upward;—See! yon sparkling Crown,
 Behold;—and all Things here despise!

II.

Survey the Mansions of the Blest,
 Where weary Souls find sweet Repose;
 In Bow'rs for ever-blooming rest,
 Where pure, unmingled Pleasure flows.

III.

Soon will the Toils of Life be o'er,
 And all my trying Conflicts cease;
 Soon shall I tread my native Shore,
 And hail the joyous Lands of PEACE.

IV.

There my REDEEMER glorious reigns,
Ten Thousand Thrones encircling HIM ;
Rapt Seraphs pour adoring Strains,
Lost in the sweetness of their Theme.

V.

His SMILES diffuse eternal Bliss,
Myriads of White-rob'd Saints among :
The blazing Splendours of his Face
Pour fadeless Joy on all the Throng.—

VI.

O ye bright Spirits! kindred Minds!
When shall I burst this cumb'rous Clay,
Which my aspiring Soul confines,
That else would mount and soar away ?

VII.

I long to urge my rapid Flight !
Among your Choirs to take my Seat ;
And cast my Crown with vast Delight
At my REDEEMER's pierced Feet,

(63)

AN ODE

TO

THE GOD OF HARVEST.

WRITTEN AFTER A REFRESHING RAIN, WHICH SUCCEEDED A
LONG AND EXCESSIVE DROUGHT.

I.

ALMIGHTY RULER of the Earth and Sky,
From thy Behest, all Things their Fate receive ;
At thy dread Frown, Creation's Beauties die,
Or in thy cheering Smiles exult and live.

II.

A sick'ning Scene, O GOD ! we lately mourn'd,
A Scene that silenc'd our Autumnal Boast ;
To sad Discouragement our Hopes were turn'd,
And all our Toil and Labour seem'd as lost.

III.

By THEE restrain'd, the Clouds withheld their Rain,
And Nature fainted for the cheering Showers ;
The Hosts of Harvest drooping on the Plain,
Besought the Skies to raise their languid Powers.

IV.

Ere half matur'd, they yellow'd in the Sun,
Scorch'd with the sultry Fervors of his Reign ;
The weary Flocks trudg'd Home to Fold ere Noon,
Nor longer sought the cooling Stream in vain.

V.

Then to thy Throne, O God! we rais'd our Prayer,
"Gracious and Merciful," we knew thy Name;
ROCK OF OUR HOPES! we knew thy pitying Ear
Will ne'er refuse thy Chosen's humble Claim.

VI.

The GOD OF ISRAEL heard his People's Cry,
(Nor fruitless was our Prayer, nor vain our Hopes,)
Refreshing Showers descended from the Sky,
And Earth receiv'd the fertilizing Drops.

VII.

The Fields renew'd their cheerful Smiles again,
The humble Valleys even laugh'd and Sung;
The Skies propitious, blest the thirsty Plain,
While on the Corn the pearly Tears thick hung.

VIII.

Like Tears of Gratitude they seem'd to fall,
(Heaven's Mercies melted into humble Praise;) T
Learn hence, O Man! that countless Blessings call T
On their Recipients for adoring Lays.

IX.

The sprightly Songsters of the verdant Grove,
With Breasts elate, pour'd sweet, melodious Strains,
To praise that God's Beneficence and Love,
Whose Goodness reaches wide as his Domains.

X.

We now behold, indeed, a charming Scene !
 The waving Fields in Golden Plenty clad ;
 Robust and strong appears the rip'ning Grain,
 And bids BRITANNIA and her Sons be glad.

XI.

Distinguish'd Land ! *unworthy*, favor'd Isle !
 Thy *Crimes*—thy *Blessings* reach to distant Shores ;
 Heav'n sheds on thee his most benignant Smile,
 And in thy Lap his choicest Bounty pours.

XII.

Let Autumn's Treasures op'ning to thy View,
 In thee, fair GRATITUDE'S Emotions raise ;
 Let thy Ten Thousand Hearts with Rapture glow,
 While all thy Tongues the GOD OF HARVEST
 praise.

XIII.

To THEE, JEHOVAH ! shall our Praises rise ;
 No fabled *Ceres* shall employ our Songs ;
 'Tis THOU alone our ev'ry Want supplies,
 To THEE alone incessant Praise belongs.

GOING TO THE LORD'S TABLE.

I.

SEE! what Stores of living Bread!
Fountains fill'd with Milk and Wine!
See! a Table richly spread;
What Profusion! How Divine!

II.

Say, for whom is it prepar'd?
Who this lib'ral Fare shall taste?
Who shall grace the Princely Board,
And enjoy this royal Feast?

III.

Is it for the Rich and Great,
In their gorgeous, native Dress;
High and lifted up, elate
With their Worth and Righteousness?

IV.

What do these at Mercy's Door?
They "have need of Nothing" here;—
None but broken-hearted Poor
Are invited to draw near.

V.

Ragged, starving Prodigals,
Wretched, wounded, lame and weak;—
These are they the SAVIOR calls,
These the Lost HE came to seek.

VI.

O my Soul! what joyful News!—
To the Gospel-Feast I fly!
Sure the MASTER wont refuse,
Such a helpless Soul as I.

THE FRUITS OF LIVING FAITH ().*

AN HYMN,

FOR A SOCIETY ESTABLISHED FOR THE RELIEF OF THE SICK
AND AFFLICTED, AT THE ADELPHI CHAPEL.

I.

Lo! how the bright Example shines,
Of our incarnate LORD!
To guide our Steps, the sacred Lines
His gracious Deeds record.

II.

Divine Compassion fill'd his Breast,
And flow'd to all around;
The Needy came, and were redrest,
And kind Deliv'rance found.

III.

His Life was spent in DOING GOOD
To our afflicted Race ;
How oft HE cheer'd the sad Abode
Of Sickness and Distress !

IV.

The poorest Wretch, HE never thought
Too mean for his Regard ;
The Vilest of the Vile, were not
From his Relief debarr'd.

V.

May such Benevolence beget
In us the same Desire ;
And may we strive to imitate,
Whilst we his Works admire.

VI.

O THOU who own'd the Widow's Mite !
Accept our Off'ring too ;
Our ALL is thy undoubted Right,
And to thy Service due.

VII.

Shall legal Pharisees out-do
Those who exalt thy Grace ?
Forbid it, LORD ! help us to shew
Rich Fruits of Righteousness.

VIII.

Help us to wipe the Mourner's Tear,
And make the Sick-Man's Bed *;
To ease his Mind of anxious Care,
And raise his drooping Head ;

IX.

To succour those who feel thy Rod,
Thy dear afflicted Saints ;
Who groan beneath a heavy Load,
Of Miseries and Wants ;

X.

To bid the weary Soul look up
To HIM who dy'd to save ;
And then rejoice in certain Hope,
Of Bliss beyond the Grave.

XI.

May nought our Resolutions move,
In this Work of the LORD ;
In Acts of Kindness, and of Love,
There is a great Reward†.

XII.

Not to procure unfading Joys,
Or 'scape eternal Fire ;
Such Workers, who the LAMB despise,
Must meet his quenchless Ire.

* Psalm xli.

† Psalm, xii. 11.

XIII.

No ; bless his Name ! we need not wear
Such a polluted Dress ;
He liv'd, and labour'd to prepare
A spotless Righteousness.

XIV.

His Love (the noblest Motive) shall
Constrain us to abound—
To strive at least, t' abound in all
Good Works to those around.

XV.

Did He not leave his lofty Throne,
And all the heav'nly Host ?
Yes ; 'twas for us that He came down
To seek, and save the Lost.

XVI.

Has He not promis'd, that He will
His Church to Glory bring ?
Yes ; we ere long, on Zion's Hill,
Shall Hymns of Triumph sing.

XVII.

Sure He deserves all we can do,
His Name to glorify :
We ne'er can pay the Half we owe
To all Eternity !

(71)

XVIII.

To GOD's electing, sov'reign Love,
To CHRIST the SAVIOR's Grace,
And to the CO-ETERNAL DOVE,
Be undivided Praise.

(AN IMITATION.)

MENTAL UNION.

A VISION.

Hail! wedded Love! ———
Perpetual Fountain of domestic Sweets,

MILTON.

WHEN with the Cares and Burthen of the Day,
My Mind was wearied and fatigued; I lay
Down on my welcome Couch; and slept; and
dream'd;—

Before my Eyes a Wilderness there seem'd,
And to the View of my enlight'ned Mind,
Dangers stood thick around of ev'ry Kind;
Yet thro' this barren Waste there lay a Road
Which ended in the Paradise of GOD.

A scatter'd Few forsook the common Path,
 And in this Way resolv'd to walk by Faith ;
 Among these favor'd Wise, (divinely taught,)
 A happy Pair my swift Attention caught ;
 Both came from *Egypt* ; both with steady Will,
 Their Faces set towards fair *Zion's* Hill ;
 Both with exulting Hearts could sweetly tell,
 How JESUS sav'd them from the lowest Hell ;
 How his Almighty Love, and outstretch'd Hand,
 Led them in Mercy from their native Land ;
 Gave them a Heart to love his sacred Ways,
 A Tongue t' employ in setting forth his Praise ;
 Gave them a Relish for Religion's Joy,
 To taste those Pleasures which can never cloy,

By Grace, by Providence, and Nature join'd
 In Bonds of Friendship of the tend'rest Kind,
 In ev'ry Trouble, each would bear a Part,
 And thus alleviate the painful Smart ;
 Their mutual Sympathy would soften all,
 And mingle Sweetness with Affliction's Gall.

When One was downcast, or distress in Soul,
 The other would most tenderly condole ;
 And bring to Mind some Promise from the Word,
 That might some sweet Encouragement afford.

When crafty, cruel Foes their Path beset,
 Or when Temptation smil'd, to draw their Feet

From *Zion's* Way, if One Secure was grown,
 The other soon would make the Danger known,
 Alarm the Careless, and point out the Snare ;
 Urge how important, Watchfulness and Care
 Are to each Pilgrim, that would obtain
 The free Reward, and endless Glory gain.

When dark and intricate their Path appear'd,
 And a remediless Mistake was fear'd ;
 They would assist each other to inspect
 Their Map ; their Guide*, which could alone direct
 Their erring Steps in Truth, and Joy and Peace,
 And lead them safely to eternal Bliss :—
 If One found out some cheering Mark, which shew'd
 Perplexed Pilgrims their appointed Road,
 Would the Discovery straightway impart
 Unto the other, with a joyful Heart ;
 Then both would join to bless the tender Care,
 Of HIM who sav'd them from the Fowler's Snare.

When One with Fruits of strength'ning Virtue met,
 Would call the other to participate.
 Or Flowers of sweet and odoriferous Scent,
 Well suited to revive the Sick and Faint,
 Would pluck, and to the other some present. }

When each in sweet Retirement made known,
 Their Exigences at the SAVIOR's Throne,

* The Scriptures.

Would for the other most sincerely pray,
 And humbly beg each gracious Gift which they
 Were needful of, while trav'ling on their Way.
 When One beheld from off some Eminence,
 The goodly Land, their promis'd Residence ;
 Would call the other, raptur'd with Delight,
 And strive to shew the animating Sight.
 When One was told of *Zion's* prosp'rous State,
 Would to the other speedily relate
 The pleasing News; then both would wish Success
 Unto the Empire of IMMANUEL's Grace.

Thus I beheld "AN HELP-MEET" verify'd,
 So that my wond'ring Mind could not decide,
 (Their Joys and Sorrows seem'd so strongly join'd,
 Their Cares and Interest so close entwin'd,)
 Whether, Two Souls One Body occupy'd,
 Or in Two Bodies One Soul did reside ;
 But this I saw, in all their Walk display'd
 The clearest Evidence, that GOD had made
 These Two but *One* ; their *Hearts*, as well as Hands
 United with indissoluble Bands.

Thus I observ'd these Kindred Souls go on,
 From Strength to Strength, excell'd by few, or none ;
 For they contributed no little, to
 Forward each other all their Journey thro'.

Many rich Blessings they, thro' Grace enjoy'd.
 And many Snares Grace help'd them to avoid ;
 Thro' Grace, their Enemies they overcame,
 And sung Salvation thro' the SAVIOR's Name.

Thus brought by Grace, at length I saw them reach
 A pleasant Hill ; and climb its Summit, which
 Gave them a Prospect of those smiling Fields,
 Whose fragrant Verdure, Bliss eternal yields.
 Here in a welcome Arbour they sat down ;
 No sooner seated, but their Praises own
 The GOD, from whom their ev'ry Blessing flows,
 The GOD who Grace and Glory too bestows ;
 With Souls of Love, they then congratulate
 Each other, on that blest, approaching State,
 Their present Joys so surely indicate.

Then wholesome Fruits of most delicious Taste,
 The Hill's Produce, afford a rich Repast ;
 They then arise, their Grace and Strength renew'd,
 (With ardent Wish, their Journey to conclude)
 And view that Land, beyond Earth's narrow bound,
 Where GOD their SAVIOR reigns with Glory crown'd ;
 The costly Mansion He'd prepar'd for them,
 The Royal Palace of *Jerusalem* ;
 They saw the goodly Mount of *Lebanon*,
 And *Eshcol's* Vines, with Clusters bending down ;

Those Gardens where the richest Spices grow,
 And Rivers, that with Milk and Honey flow ;
 Th' eternal Hills in blooming Beauties drest,
 And fertile Valleys with rich Plenty blest.

They then look'd down to *Jordan's* swelling Flood,
 Which rolls betwixt them and their bright Abode ;
 They saw their great HIGH-PRIEST, (O blessed Sight!)
 Rob'd in the Splendours of immortal Light ;
 Unconquer'd Pow'r shone in his GOD-LIKE Mien,
 And Love unequall'd in his Smiles was seen ;
 His Arm was waiting to convey them o'er,
 Thro Death's cold Waters to the Heav'nly Shore ;
 They likewise heard the Triumphs and the Songs,
 The joyful Shoutings of immortal Tongues,
 And charming Music from the Golden Lyres
 Of those who fill Heav'n's ever-tuneful Choirs ;
 They too, with Emulation strove to raise
 Their Voices in that noblest Work of Praise,
 To HIM, whose Good and Great, and Gracious NAME,
 For ever was, and ever is, the Same ;
 And I attempting to advance the Theme,
 Awoke, and found the whole to be a Dream ;
 But its Interpretation did appear
 To be most certain, and its Meaning clear ;
 For in the Oracles of Truth we read,
 Better are Two than One*—if they're agreed †.

* Eccles. iv. 9.

† Amos. iii. 3.

TO A CERTAIN CHARACTER.

IMPORTANT MAN ! pray deign to see,
 That playful Child's Simplicity,
 And then the Moral understand ;
 One Apple fills its little Hand,
 In vain it strives to grasp Another,
 Th' One displaces still the other :
 A greater Simpleton thou art
 A Thousand Times, whose wav'ring Heart,
 Unsettled and divided, try'st
 To entertain the *World* and CHRIST.

A SONG.

O why should I puzzle my Head,
 And struggle for Riches or Fame ?
 To-morrow the Phantoms are fled,
 And Mortals return as they came.
 How foolish to murmur or fret,
 And pore on such trivial Affairs !
 To set myself down in a Pet,
 And hug such a Burthen of Cares.

This Life for which there's such a-do,
 Like a Whiff of Tobacco decays ;
 And yet, it is equally true,
 Has many an intricate Maze ;
 The busier we make ourselves in't
 The more we are pester'd and vext :
 Then let me be calm and content,
 And seriously think of the next.

EVENING REFLECTIONS:

I shun the Noise of thoughtless Mirth,
 I leave the busy Cares of Earth,
 And seek some peaceful Solitude,
 Where vexing Trifles can't intrude ;
 My pensive Soul would meditate,
 Upon a future and Eternal State ;
 On those tremendous Torments that await
 Th' Impenitent, and on th' unheard of Joys
 Prepar'd in Glory for the truly Wise.
 How swift the precious Minutes flee !
 And bring us near Eternity ;

Our Golden Sands how fast they run !
 And Death draws nigh to cut us down ;
 Ere Morn returns, for aught we know,
 His fatal Dart may strike the Blow.
 Relentless he does separate
 The Soul from its endearing Mate,
 And bids it go to hear its final Doom,
 And thence to find its everlasting Home ;
 Its dark, or bright unchangeable Abode,
 Beneath the Smiles, or Frowns of God :
 In Groves of high celestial Bliss,
 Or fiery Lakes in Hell's Abyss.
 Alas ! what Reason to lament, how few
 Among the dying Tenants of the Earth,
 Do Wisdom's pleasant Ways pursue,
 And conscious of th' immortal Spirit's Worth,
 With Diligence and Care,
 To enter the eternal World prepare.
 How few, indeed ! compar'd with those
 Whose groveling Hearts are set
 On base, delusive Toys ;
 And who endeavour to forget
 Th' unwelcome Thought of endless Woes,
 And never seek for everlasting Joys.
 " Broad is the Way that leads to Death,"
 And Thousands walk the dreadful Path.

What various Characters agree,
 To chuse eternal Misery !
 Besotted Fools !—And, O my GOD !
 Why did I leave the treach'rous Road ?
 For I was ignorant as they,
 Nor knew, nor sought a better Way ;
 But thy discriminating Grace,
 Seiz'd on my vain, deluded Heart ;
 And made me willing to depart,
 And thy Salvation joyfully embrace.
 Nor longer run the madly sinful Race,
 Look down, my Soul ! to *Tophet's* flaming Deep,
 “ Rejoice with trembling ;”—adore and weep ;
 Let Tears of Gratitude stream from my Eyes,
 And be a contrite Heart my Sacrifice !

This Hell was mine,
 For Guilt imputed and inherent due,
 And for my actual Offences too ;

But LOVE DIVINE,
 Unparell'd, and boundless Love !
 Left the bright Glories of his Courts above ;
 The Splendours of his royal Throne forsook ;
 The Rags of mortal Flesh upon HIM took ;
 Me from Destruction's opening Jaws rescu'd,
 And quench'd my Hell in his atoning Blood !

But for his interposing Grace,
 I must have sunk ere now, to endless Pains;
 Where the rebellious Race,
 Of fallen Spirits groan in burning Chains,
 And black Despair in horrid Triumph reigns;
 Where sulph'rous Waves incessant roar
 Fierce Wrath to come!—To come!—For ever-
 more!
 No distant Hope alleviates their Woe;
 No Hope of Hope, forever shall they know.

O the Depths of JESU's Love!
 Seraphs aid the grateful Song,
 Flowing from my feeble Tongue;
 Try your sublimest Words,
 Across the Golden Chords,
 Let your Heav'n-taught Fingers rove;
 Let all the Choirs of Paradise combine,
 Let all the Melody of Heav'n join,
 And on INCARNATE LOVE for ever dwell.
 But how unequal is your loftiest Song!
 How far your strongest Efforts fail,
 And do th' unutterable Subject wrong!
 Yet would I fain attempt to praise,
 My SAVIOR's Love in humble Lays;
 His Love, that paid my Ransom down,
 That bought for me a shining Crown;

His Love, that has for me prepar'd,
 In Heav'n a rich and free Reward ;
 His Love, that soon will make me meet,
 To rise to my celestial Seat.
 There gloomy Melancholy never comes,
 But Bliss ineffable for ever blooms ;
 Unfading Verdure decks the smiling Plains ;
 Sweet spicy Shrubs and fairest Flowers,
 Breathe Fragrance thro' the happy Bowers,
 And endless Spring its joyous Sway maintains.
 No Shades of Darkness, no unwelcome Night,
 Can ever intervene,
 To veil the charming Scene ;
 For GOD Himself is their Eternal Sun,
 And fills the Realms with uncreated Light,
 And all is cloudless Day and glorious Noon,
 Tho' countless Years glide swift away,
 Their Joys admit of no decay ;
 Rolling Ages but increase,
 Their Felicity and Bliss ;
 When Myriads have their Circles run,
 Their Pleasures will but be begun ;
 Firm as God's Eternal Throne,
 Their Glories shall endure :
 He has made them like his own,
 For ever fix'd and sure.

Thanks to thy free and sov'reign Grace, my God!
 Fair SALEM shall at last be my Abode;
 How soon, I know not, long it cannot be,
 Ere I shall enter blest Eternity:
 Should Death, this Night, seize on my sleeping Clay,
 My Soul shall rise, and see a brighter Day.

THE EXCELLENCE OF RELIGION.

I.

DIVINE RELIGION! Thou alone canst bear
 The drooping Soul thro' ev'ry Scene of Woe;
 Thy cheering Voice can bid the briny Tear
 Down the poor Mourner's Cheek forget to flow.

II.

When threat'ning Storms assault the virtuous Mind,
 Thy blissful Influence can work a Calm;
 For mental Pains, tho' of the sharpest Kind,
 Thou hast a sov'reign, never-failing BALM.

III.

In deep Adversity, thy bright'ning Smiles
 Diffuse Tranquillity and Peace Divine:
 Repels the Fiend Despair, and reconciles
 The humble Soul to Heav'n's all-wise Design;

IV.

Not only in Affliction's dreary Gloom,
Is thy transcendent Excellence confest ;
For where Thou art, our social Sweets become
Comforts, indeed ! and all our Blessings, blest.

V.

But when the awful Period shall draw nigh,
When we must leave this variegated Scene ;
When Nature's Beauties cease to please the Eye,
And we've no Taste for Happiness terrene.

VI.

How welcome then ! how precious is thy Aid !
Which the good Man for Worlds would not forego ;
Fearless he enters Death's terrific Shade,
Well knowing that he is a conquer'd Foe.

VII.

Unmov'd to see the grisly King advance,
He bids Him shew his boasted Victory ;
He calmly smiles at the vibrating Lance,
And all his Fury nobly dares defy.

VIII.

Now onward rushes with superior Might,
And tramples Death beneath his Chariot Wheels ;
Then leaves the dark Domains with rapid Flight,
And climbs triumphant the Eternal Hills.

IX.

Heav'n's pearly Gates unfold without Delay,
To give the Saint Admittance to that Place,
Where boundless Glories and Eternal Day,
Beam from the ever-blest REDEEMER's Face.

X.

Such is the Honor which the Soul receives,
Who humbly walks in Holiness with GOD;
Such are the Blessings which *Religion* gives,
How wise are they who tread the pleasant Road!

*On the Commencement of a FRIDAY EVENING LECTURE,
at the ADELPHI CHAPEL, by the Rev. Mr. GROVES(*),*

From Phil. iii. 10—" *That I may know Him.*"

I.

'Tis Life to know the dying LAMB,
Eternal Life is in his Name;
O may I in this Knowledge grow!
And daily more of JESUS know.

II.

Know HIM to wash me in his Blood ;
Know HIM to make my Peace with GOD ;
Know HIM for Strength and Righteousness ;
And know HIM for renewing Grace.

III.

Know HIM to cleanse my filthy Heart ;
Know HIM to bid my Lusts depart ;
Know HIM to rule and reign within,
And know HIM to subdue my Sin.

IV.

Know HIM to overcome my Foes ;
Know HIM to soften all my Woes ;
Know HIM to answer my Complaints,
And know HIM to supply my Wants.

V.

Know HIM as " my exceeding Joy,"
Know HIM my Praises to employ ;
Know HIM as all my Heart can wish ;
Yea, know HIM for Eternal Bliss!

VI.

O may such precious Knowledge sound,
With Pow'r Divine, this Place around ;
May WISDOM open all her Store,
And give her Riches to the Poor.

VII.

Let no base Hireling here intrude,
 To feed thy Flock with pois'nous Food ;
 Kind SHEPHERD for thy Flock prepare,
 Pure, living Streams, and Pastures fair.

DEPARTING TO BE WITH CHRIST.

I come, ye Messengers of Love, I come ;
 I see the Passage open to my Home ;
 The massy Gates of Glory are unbarr'd,
 I see the Mansion for my Rest prepar'd.
 No longer need your flaming Chariots stay ;
 My Chains drop off, I leave this falling Clay :
 Joyful I leave this cumb'rous Load behind,
 No more to fetter the immortal Mind .
 Thro' JESU's Righteousness I soar above,
 And seize a Harp, to chaunt redeeming Love.

AFFLICTION.

O MY FATHER!—Sov'reign GOD!
Let me kiss thy chast'ning Rod;
Check the Murmurs of my Heart,
Bid repining Thoughts depart;
Bid contending Pow'rs "be still,"
And submissive to thy Will.

LORD! repentant in the Dust,
I confess thy Ways are Just.

JUDGMENT AND ETERNITY,

I.

Now, farewell to Faith and Patience,
All our Sorrows now shall end;
JESUS comes to judge the Nations:—
JESUS! our ALMIGHTY FRIEND!

II.

The despised GALLILEAN
Rides triumphant down the Skies ;
See ! th' affrighted Heav'ns fleeing !
Earth is seiz'd with strange Surprise !

III.

Mighty Angels fly before HIM,
Pave with Flames th' ethereal Road :
Nature's Elements adore HIM,
Tho' expiring own their GOD.

IV.

See ! Eternal Mercy beaming
From his Soul-exalting Smiles !
See ! Eternal Vengeance streaming
From beneath his Chariot Wheels !

V.

(How will those who mock'd his Coming,
Mourn (too late) their sad Mistake !
When they hear his Justice dooming,
Them to Hell's accursed Lake.)

VI.

See his " great White Throne " erected !—
Terrible to all his Foes ;
With the awful Sight dejected,
They anticipate their Woes.

VII.

Lo! He speaks—Creation listens,
Eager to obey its LORD;
Fate Eternal, all Existence
Meets from his decisive Word.

VIII.

He commands his shining Legions,
“Gather all my chosen Seed;
Fly to Earth’s remotest Regions,
Bring the Living and the Dead.”

IX.

Borne on glowing Zeal’s swift Pinions,
To fulfill the grand Behest,
They traverse his vast Dominions,
Where his Name was e’er confest.

X.

Thousand Trumpets loudly roaring,
Search the Seas, and tear the Ground;
Life and Animation pouring,
With the efficacious Sound.

XI.

Pow’r Divine renews the Living,
In the twinkling of an Eye!
Ev’ry Part the Change receiving
Shines with Immortality.

XII.

See ! redeemed Myriads rising !
Putting on Immortal Bloom ;
Death, their dying Foe despising,
And exulting o'er the Tomb.

XIII.

Noble Hosts of Laurell'd MARTYRS,
To Eternal Joys awake ;
Who once suffer'd grievous Tortures,
For their LORD and MASTER's sake.

XIV.

All the Chosen of the FATHER,
All for whom the LAMB was slain ;—
All the Church appear together,
Wash'd from ev'ry sinful Stain.

XV.

Not a Sign of Grief or Sadness,
In the grand Assembly's known ;
But with Confidence and Gladness,
They behold the Judgment Throne.

XVI.

Now, no more (by Names divided)
Party Zeal contracts the Soul ;
All Contention is subsided,
Perfect Love unites the Whole.

XVII.

Now, no more, the Plague and Evil,
Of a desp'rate, wicked Heart ;
Nor Temptations from the Devil,
Shall occasion bitter Smart.

XVIII.

Ev'ry evil Motion ceases,
All is Holy, Just, and Good ;
Satan's Darts are broke in Pieces,
All his Craft and Pow'r subdu'd.

XIX.

Now no more the vile Derision,
Of th' ungodly World they bear :
They, in this Day of Decision,
" KINGS AND PRIESTS TO GOD " appear.

XX.

Lo ! the dear ALMIGHTY SAVIOR,
Sweetly smiling, deigns to rise ;—
ZION, conscious of his Favor,
Hears HIM say with rapt'rous Joy :

XXI.

" Come, ye Blessed ! and inherit
The Reward of my Free Grace ;
Just in my imputed Merit,
At my Right-Hand take your Place. ' ' "

XXII.

Now in Strains that make Earth tremble !

Such as ne'er before was heard ;

“ All mine Enemies assemble,

“ They too shall have their Reward.”

XXIII.

Satan, with his Hosts infernal,

In their Chains from Prison come ;

Stand before the JUDGE ETERNAL,

To receive a heavier Doom.

XXIV.

Guilty Souls emerge from *Tophet*,

Join their rising Dust again,

Curse the Union, and prove it

Highly aggravates their Pain.

XXV.

Partners once in sinful Pleasure,

Now they both must reap its Fruit ;

JESU's Fury, without Measure,

On them must be poured out.

XXVI.

Fain would they be in the Ruins,

Of the reeling Earth conceal'd ;

But they must, with all their Doings,

Be to conven'd Worlds reveal'd.

XXVII.

Where are now the Brave and Mighty,
Who the World delug'd with Blood ?
Dare they even wish for Pity,
From the once insulted GOD !

XXVIII.

Where are now the Bold, Stout-hearted,
Who the SAVIOR dar'd blaspheme ?
All their Courage is departed,
And their Glory turn'd to Shame.

XXIX.

Proud *Socinians*, who degraded
His Divinity and Blood,
Of the Truth are now persuaded,
By the Terrors of his Rod.

XXX.

Legal, pharisaic Boasters,
Who in Works repos'd their Trust ;
Now their *Babel-Building* totters,
All their Hopes embrace the Dust.

XXXI.

Those who sinn'd, because abounded
JESU's free and pard'ning Grace,
Now behold, and are confounded,
With his GLORIOUS HOLINESS.

XXXII.

All the plausible, fair Pretences
Of the cunning Hypocrite,
Are expos'd, and his Offences,
Double-dy'd, are brought to Light.

XXXIII.

Lamentation, Cries, and Groaning,
The Dark Air incessant rend ;
While the Great AVENGER frowning,
(Worse than Death his Frowns attend,)

XXXIV.

Speaks the dread, the final Sentence,
From which, there is no Appeal,
“ Go, ye Cursed ! from my Presence,
And my Wrath for ever feel.”

XXXV.

Now his vengeful Thunder rages,
Drives them to the dark Abyss ;
Down to sink for endless Ages,
Farther from the Source of Bliss.

XXXVI.

O that fathomless—FOR-EVER !
Only Period of their Woes ;
Never cease their Torments, never
Till ETERNITY shall close !

XXXVII.

Leave, my Muse, this Scene of Horror,
Tophet's dismal Confines quit ;
All thy Efforts cannot colour
Half the Mis'ries of the Pit.

XXXVIII.

See! the CAPTAIN OF SALVATION,
Lead his Armies up the Sky ;
Rise above the Conflagration,
Leave the World to burn and die.

XXXIX.

Saints and Seraphs bending lowly
Round his Throne, attempt his Praise :
Jointly singing, " Just and Holy,
KING OF SAINTS ! are all thy Ways."

XL.

Countless Millions, Sons of Heaven,
Praise the TRIUNE DEITY ;
Hymns of Worship and Thanksgiving,
Echo thro' Immensity.

XLI.

Lo! I see the fair Immortals,
Enter to the blissful Seats ;
Glory opes her waiting Portals,
And the SAVIOR's Train admits,

XLII.

There is found no vacant Station,
Nor a Single Throne unfill'd ;
All enjoy the same Salvation,
Whom HE lov'd, and bought, and seal'd.

XLIII.

His dear Smiles the Place enlightens,
More than Thousand Suns could do :
All around, his Presence brightens,
Changeless, yet for ever New.

XLIV.

Trees of Life, adorn'd luxuriant,
Form the Groves of Paradise ;
Rivers flow with smoothest Current,
Fraught with unpolluted Joys.

XLV.

Thornless and unfading Roses,
Deck the ever-fair Alcove,
Where each happy Mind reposes,
Hymning GOD'S ETERNAL LOVE.

XLVI.

Blessed State ! beyond Conception !
Who its vast Delights can tell ?
Far the Muse's best Description,
Far her brightest Figures fail !

XLVII.

May the beatific Vision,
All its Bliss to us unfold ;
May we know by full Fruition,
What by Mortals ne'er was told.

A SURRENDER TO INFINITE LOVE.

I.

WHEN I view my SAVIOR bleeding,
For my Sins upon the Tree ;
O how wond'rous !—how exceeding
Great his Love appears to me !

II.

Floods of deep Distress and Anguish,
To impede his Labours came ;
Yet they all could not extinguish
LOVE's eternal burning Flame.

III.

Now Redemption is completed,
Full Salvation is procur'd :
Death and *Satan* are defeated
By the Suff'rings He endur'd.

IV.

Now the gracious MEDIATOR,
Risen to the Courts of Bliss;
Claims for me, a sinful Creature,
Pardon, Righteousness and Peace.

V.

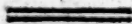
Rich Compassion fills his Bosom ;—
Tho' my Burthens, Pains and Cares,
Oft oppress me, yet HE knows 'em,
And the heaviest Part HE bears.

VI.

Sure, such INFINITE AFFECTION
Lays the highest Claim to mine :
All my Pow'rs, without exception,
Should in fervent Praises join.

VII.

JESUS ! fit me for thy Service,
Form me for thyself alone ;
I am thy most costly Purchase,
Take Possession of thy own.



DIVINE RIGHTECUSNESS.

I.

LORD ! deck me with thy Righteousness,
For I disclaim my own ;
I dare not stand in such a Dress,
Before thy FATHER's Throne.

II.

In these polluted Rags, could I
Steal thro' yon Gates of Light,
The glorious Tenants of the Sky,
Would shudder at the Sight.

III.

Th' etherial Pavement would divide,
And hurl me headlong down ;
A Wretch so vile, could not abide
One Moment there unknown.

IV.

To me be " Change of Raiment " giv'n,
Thy spotless Righteousness ;
Then may I range the Courts of Heav'n,
Without a blushing Face.

THE TRUE BELIEVER.

WHEN the Blessed PARACLETE,
 Guides the chosen Sinner's Feet,
 From his former crooked Ways,
 Into Paths of Gospel Grace ;
 All important Truth he sees,
 And believes (tho' by Degrees).

He believes, when Adam fell,
 He became an Heir of Hell :
 Adam's Sin was his undoing,
 Plung'd him into utter Ruin ;
 That his own Transgressions too,
 Render double Wrath his Due ;
 That his Heart is all unclean,
 Fraught with Seeds of ev'ry Sin.

He believes, the SON OF GOD,
 Fill'd a Fountain with his Blood,
 There to wash away his Sins ;
 There to cleanse his Crimson Stains ;
 That the SAVIOR's Righteousness,
 Is his justifying Dress ;
 There alone he stands complete,
 For JEHOVAH's Presence meet.

He believes, the mighty Grace,
 Of his GOD, can disposess,
 Sin of its usurped Throne,
 There to build and fix his own ;
 Love divine reveal'd within,
 Can alone subdue his Sin ;
 Gospel Grace alone can draw
 Him to love the holy Law.

He believes, should he e'er stand,
 Safe on *Canaan's* promis'd Land ;
 JESUS must his Arm display,
 To support him ev'ry Day ;
 Feed his Love and Faith and Hope ;
 Bear his feeble Spirit up ;
 Ever watch and lead his Feet ;
 Out of Weakness, Strength complete.
 Work in him, to will and do ;—
 Guard him all his Journey thro'.

He believes, that JESUS will
 Lead him safe to *Zion's* Hill ;
 Nothing can his purpose shake,
 Never, never to forsake
 Whom HE purchas'd with his Blood,
 Or " forget to do them Good ;"—

Promise which was never broke,
 Basis surer than a Rock,
 Firm and stedfast bearing ev'ry Shock.

THE RENEWED HEART.

WHEN the reigning Grace of GOD,
 Makes a Soul his own Abode ;
 The *Affections* HE renews,
 Bids them other Objects chuse :
 All the *Passions* move to HIM,
 Center in the Great SUPREME.
 Does he *Love* ?—'tis CHRIST the LORD ;
 Does he *Hope* ?—'tis in his Word ;
 Does he *Fear* ?—'tis to offend,
 Such a kind and tender FRIEND ;
 Does he *Hate* ?—it is the Foes
 Of his LORD and MASTER'S Cause ;
 Does he *grieve* ?—it is for Sin,
 Rebels, lurking yet within ;
 Does he *Joy* ?—it is in this,
 CHRIST is his Eternal Bliss :
 All the *Passions* move to HIM,
 Center in the Great SUPREME.

THE CONTENTED CHARACTER.

TRUE CONTENTMENT, what a Blessing!
Happy is the Soul, possessing
Such a rich exhaustless Store;
All who have thee need no more;
Wanting thee, alas! how poor.

Nought beneath the wide Extent
Of Heav'n, can give the Soul Content;
'Tis a Treasure never springs,
From these low, sublunar Things.
Those who search'd Creation round,
There, the Jewel never found;
All the Creature Good they try'd
Left them still unsatisfy'd.
Something of a nobler Kind
Must content th' immortal Mind.

GOD alone can that bestow,
Which we seek in vain below;
His great SELF can satisfy,
Man's Desires with equal Joy.

Tell me, who in GOD is blest,
And of true Content possess'd?—
'Tis the Christian, he alone,
Calls the precious Prize his own.

Calm Content, his lovely Guest,
Lulls the Passions in his Breast
Into sweet and tranquil Rest ;
He has Reason to be so,
God has given him to know ;
All that is for him ordain'd
To his Soul's Advantage tend :
All are Blessings, let them wear
Aspect horrible or fair.

THE MYSTERIES
OF
DIVINE GRACE
IN THE
CHRISTIAN'S EXPERIENCE.

I.

WHEN JESUS first to me reveal'd,
The Riches of his saving Grace ;
The blissful Sight my Bosom fill'd,
With ardent Love, and heav'nly Peace.

II.

HE shew'd his furrow'd Back, and said,
HE suffer'd that I might go free ;
HE shew'd the Hole the Spear had made.
And said it was to shelter me.

III.

HE shew'd the Wounds I could not count,
Inflicted by the thorny Crown ;
Then bid me look to *Calv'ry's* Mount,
And see his Blood run streaming down.

IV.

O how I felt my Passions move,
To hear HIM thus his Woes repeat !
O'erwhelm'd with such STUPENDOUS LOVE,
I dropp'd ;—and clasp'd his pierced Feet.

V.

I felt his healing Blood apply'd :
(For nought but that could bring such Peace)
Conscience and Law both satisfied,
Proclaim'd my Pardon and Release.

VI.

I saw that all my Sins had met,
On the dear VICTIM's guiltless Head ;
That HE had borne th' enormous Weight,
And all the Rights of Justice paid.

VII.

I felt my Doubts and Fears remove,
And leave my over-burthen'd Mind :
I saw my Int'rest in his Love :
And on his Breast my Head reclin'd.

VIII.

I enter'd into Gospel Rest,
From legal Works, and servile Dread ;
In HIM I was completely blest ;
I saw HIM all that I could need.

IX.

His Love was sweetly shed abroad,
And captivated all my Heart ;
I call'd HIM mine ;—" My LORD ! My GOD ;"
And begg'd that HE would ne'er depart.

X.

The World, with all its *Good* and *Fair*,
Seem'd dark and faded in my Eyes ;
I breath'd for Heav'n ;—my Heart was there,
And scorn'd to live beneath the Skies.

XI.

A Sight of the celestial SUN,
Of JESUS THE ETERNAL FAIR,
From Earth my best Affections won,
And wean'd my Soul from ev'ry Snare.

XII.

JESUS, and Heav'n and sacred Things,
My Thoughts employ'd thro' all the Day;
Till wrapt within the downy Wings
Of balmy Sleep, I thoughtless lay.

XIII.

And when the op'ning Morn appear'd,
My Thoughts again resum'd their Theme;
My Heav'n-born Soul was never tir'd
Of meditating on his NAME.

XIV.

I long'd to fly from *Kedar's* Tents,
From *Mesech's* Dwellings to be gone;
I long'd to live with holy Saints,
And lov'd their Company alone.

XV.

Sins and Corruptions dormant lay;
I thought old Nature sure was dead;
"Doubtless," said I "I've won the Day,
For all my Enemies are fled."

XVI.

But I forgot the Rebels hid,
Those treach'rous Foes that lurk'd within;
I thought the Plague was surely stay'd,
And cleans'd to be no more unclean.

XVII.

But long this Sun-shine did not last,
The Wind and Storm begun to rise ;
The black'ning Clouds to overcast,
My Soul's once calm and cloudless Skies.

XVIII.

My former Tyrants struggled hard,
To gain the Pow'r they once possess'd :
And thus my choicest Comforts mar'd,
And threat'ned to destroy my Rest.

XIX.

The Dragon Marshal'd all his Crew,
My feeble Soul to overthrow ;
While my Corruptions stronger grew,
And join'd the roaring Hellish Foe.

XX.

I saw I was mistaken far,
In thinking all my Strife was done ;
I found I must prepare for War,
And put the Gospel-Armour on.

XXI.

I found a Soldier's Life destin'd
To be my Lot, my Journey through :
To fight the World and Satan join'd,
With my own Heart my bitterest Foe.

XXII.

Wisdom and Goodness now I see,
Shine thro' the dark, mysterious Cloud :
The Dealings of the LORD to me,
All work together for my Good.

XXIII.

A Sight of my Disease within,
Leads me to prize and Value more,
That Blood which pardons all my Sin,
And heals my Soul with sov'reign Pow'r.

XXIV.

It lays me low before the Cross,
And makes me cry, "Unclean ! unclean !"
I see my Righteousness all Dross,
And all my Graces stain'd with Sin.

XXV.

It cuts the Shoots of rising Pride,
And pharisaic Boastings down :—
I feel I must be justify'd
In JESU'S RIGHTEOUSNESS alone.

XXVI.

I feel how changeable I am,
And daily need a fresh Supply,
Out of the Fulness of the LAMB;
Or else my Strength will fade and die.

XXVII.

It tries my Faith, as Gold is try'd,
And proves it genuine and divine :—
For living Faith will still confide
In God, though all be dark within.

XXVIII.

The SAVIOR's Love to me, I know
Remains invariably the same ;
The Scenes my sinful Heart goes through,
Can never damp th' ETERNAL FLAME.

XXIX.

Did HE not love me when I lay,
Vile and polluted, dead in Sin ?
And will HE cast my Soul away,
Now HE has put his Grace within ?

XXX.

He'll bring me to his Courts above,
There to behold his unveil'd Face !
And with a Soul and Harp of Love,
Adore his rich, unchanging Grace.

XXXI.

Then shall I look with sweet Amaze,
On all the Windings of the Road ;
And see what WISDOM chose my Ways,
And led me safe to that Abode.

HYMN FOR A SOCIETY

ESTABLISHED FOR THE
RELIEF OF SICK MEMBERS,
AT
GATE-STREET CHAPEL,
LINCOLN'S - INN - FIELDS (*).

I.

OUR FATHER, and our God look down,
Propitious from thy lofty Throne ;
Deign to behold what Mortals do,
Deign to behold—and bless us too !

II.

Long as Mortality we wear,
To meet Disease we must prepare ;
Whilst we are Sinners, we remain
Expos'd to Sin's Attendant, Pain.

III.

If thy chastising Hand afflicts,
And for our Sins, thy Rod corrects ;
How soon our vig'rous Pow'rs decay !
How soon we weak and helpless lay !

IV.

Then, gracious GOD! be THOU our FRIEND,
Our Efforts with Success attend ;
Our Institution deign to own,
And with thy prosp'ring Smiles to crown.

V.

In Bonds of sacred Friendship ty'd,
Let nought our Interest divide :
Like Brethren, may we all agree,
And Strife and Discord from us flee.

VI.

When Death's dire Harbingers invade,
Help us to lend our mutual Aid,
To strive t' alleviate Distress,
And render Nature's Troubles less.

VII.

And, O, our SAVIOR! and our GOD!
When we shall leave this frail Abode,
On Love's strong Pinions may we rise,
Above these lower, fading Skies.

VIII.

To join that blest Society,
Who stand before th' ETERNAL THREE;
Whose golden Harps, and raptur'd Tongues,
Adore HIM in unceasing Songs.

IX.

Wash'd in the SAVIOR's cleansing Blood,
Cloth'd in the Righteousness of GOD,
Brighter than Seraphim they shine,
For all their Raiment is Divine.

X.

Sorrow and Pain they never know,
For Sin's remov'd, the Cause of Woe ;
Instead of Tears, and Groans, and Sighs,
Their Bosoms heave with mighty Joys.

XI.

'Till we shall wing th' etherial Road,
Be THOU our FATHER, and our GOD ;
Be our PROTECTOR and our GUIDE,
And for our various Wants provide.

XII.

For thy electing Love, O GOD !
For thy dear SON's redeeming Blood ;
And for thy SPIRIT's quick'ning Rays,
Be equal and eternal Praise.

THE KING OF ZION.

I.

JESUS, the PRINCE of PEACE,
And KING of RIGHTEOUSNESS,
In ZION reigns ;
The Government HE bears ;
His People's whole Affairs,
Their Burthens and their Cares.
His Heart sustains.

II.

A Law HE gives to them,
And Pow'r to serve the same,
His Love imparts :
In Characters of Grace,
Which nothing can erase,
His Will he does impress,
On all their Hearts.

III.

His Wisdom is their Guide,
His Pow'r deigns to provide.
For all their Wants ;
His Arm restrains their Foes,
HE frowns severe on those,
Who blindly dare oppose
His chosen Saints.

IV.

HE leads them to the Fight,
They conquer in his Might,
And shout his Praise.

OMNIPOTENCE defies
Whoe'er against them rise;
Satan like Light'ning flies
Before his Face.

V.

His Heralds shall go forth.
And to the wond'ring Earth,
His Love proclaim ;
Gentiles and stubborn *Jews*,
No longer shall refuse
His Grace, but hear the News,
And bless his Name.

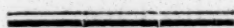
VI.

The Gospel's glorious Light,
Shall make the Glooms of Night
And Error flee ;
Idolatry shall fall
Before the mighty Call ;
And rude Barbarians shall
Salvation see.

VII.

JESUS shall build his Throne,
And Men their Sov'reign own.

Through Earth's Domains
All Nations shall obey
His mild, pacific Sway ;
Kingdoms and Kings shall say,
" MESSIAH REIGNS !"



COVENANT LOVE.

I.

FAR beyond all Comprehension
Is JEHOVAH's COVENANT LOVE ;
Who can fathom its Dimensions ?
Or its unknown Limits prove ?
Ere the Earth upon its Basis,
By creating Pow'r was built :
His Designs were Wise and Gracious,
For removing human Guilt.

II.

From Eternity HE loved,
The Elect of Adam's Race ;
This in Time HE fully proved,
By his mighty Works of Grace.

HE display'd his grand Intention,
On the Mount of *Calvary* ;
When HE dy'd for our Redemption,
Lifted high upon the Tree.

III.

There, the broken Law accused
HIM, of all his People's Sins :
There, Eternal Justice bruised
HIM, with agonizing Pains.
Oh ! how sweet, to view the flowing
Of his Soul-redeeming Blood !
With divine Assurance, knowing,
That it made my Peace with GOD.

IV.

O discriminating Kindness !
Why this Love to me reveal'd ?
While the World are left in Blindness,
With Egyptian Darkness seal'd ?
Why, O LORD ! was I elected,
Thy Salvation to enjoy ?
While such Myriads were rejected,
Equally as good as I ?

V.

Nought foreseen thy Love excited,
Faith, or good Desires in me :
But, because thy Grace delighted
To be SOVEREIGN and FREE.

Freely THOU wilt bring to Heaven
All thy chosen, ransom'd Race,
Who to THEE their HEAD were given
In the Covenant of Grace.

VI.

All Creation hangs dependant
On this glorious, chief Design :
In no other, so resplendent
Does our GOD's Perfections shine.
Truth and Mercy meet together,
In my SAVIOR's smiling Face ;
Righteousness and Peace, each other
Unreluctantly embrace.

VII.

Angels view, with Admiration,
That divine and gracious Plan,
Which provides a free Salvation,
For undone and ruin'd Man ;
They employ their Pow'rs in gazing,
Longing more and more to see ;
Th' more they see, the more amazing,
Shines the Gospel-Mystery.

VIII.

They ascribe eternal Praises,
To the slaughter'd LAMB OF GOD ;
" Worthy is JEHOVAH JESUS !"
Sounds through all their vast Abode.

But redeemed human Spirits,
Sweeter chaunt his blessed Name;
Sweeter sing the precious Merits,
Of the Blood which purchas'd them.

IX.

SAVIOR! THOU wilt never leave me,
But wilt guard me all my Days;
Till to Glory THOU receive me,
There to join angelic Praise.
Earth and Hell combin'd, shall never
Separate my Soul from THEE!
I am Thine, and that for ever!
THOU art mine eternally!

LINES

ON READING OF THE CONTROVERSY BETWEEN

HERBERT AND MELVIN.

HERBERT and *MELVIN* were, I have no doubt,
Both living Stones, by Pow'r divine hewn out
From Nature's Quarry, and prepar'd by Grace,
In *SALEM's* Temple each to fill his Place,

But when on Earth, in this imperfect State,
 The envious Tempter strove to separate
 Their diff'ring Minds, and a deceitful Heart
 Turn'd them aside, and took the Tempter's Part.
 Tho' in the CHRIST OF GOD they both believ'd,
 And all essential Truths with Joy receiv'd,
 'Bout Rites and Forms, the busy Wranglers growl'd,
 And neither would submit to be controul'd ;
 Kneeling and Bowing, One disputed for,
 And urg'd the Gown and Surplice to be wore ;
 His learned Opponent approv'd of Sitting,
 And plainer Habits thought much more befitting.
 One scolded this ;—the other scolded that ;—
 And both contended for—they scarce knew what !
 Thus wrathful Clamour issu'd from each Pen,
 And sadly prov'd they were but erring Men.
 But, now from Error and Corruption freed,
 In Heart and Judgment perfectly agreed,
 They join in Praise around the SAVIOR's Throne,
 And not a diff'ring Note is ever known.
Herbert with skilful Fingers strikes the Lyre,
 And *Melvin*, glowing with celestial Fire,
 Adds the sweet Music of his charming Tongue,
 While Heav'n resounds with their united Song.

Ye Saints of the MOST HIGH of ev'ry Name,
 Who in Sincerity love CHRIST the LAMB,

Love all his People too, and strive t' avoid
All "doubtful Disputations," lay aside
Your Party Prejudices, and embrace
All who display his renovating Grace;
And (to the Honor of the Christian Name)
Compel the wond'ring World again t' exclaim,
(When they behold you dwell in Peace together)
"SEE! HOW THESE NOBLE CHRISTIANS LOVE EACH
OTHER!"

CHRIST'S ASCENSION

TO HIS

MEDIATORIAL GLORY (*).

JESUS rises to his Throne,
'Midst the Trophies HE has won;
Twice Ten Thousand Angels fly,
Thro' the Regions of the Sky;
Roll the VICTOR'S Chariot-Wheels
Up the everlasting Hills.

As the shining Train proceeds,
They extol his mighty Deeds :
In melodious Sonnets tell,
How he conquer'd Death and Hell ;
All enraptur'd, join to sing,
JESUS their triumphant KING !

Soon the SON OF GOD appears,
High in Glory's fair Frontiers :
Open ! O ye Gates of Day !
Wide your blazing Leaves display ;
Let the KING OF GLORY in,
Conqueror over Death and Sin.

Lo ! they enter ;—glorious Choirs,
Strike anew their joyful Lyres ;
Strains unheard in Heav'n till now,
From seraphic Millions flow ;
At his Feet Archangels fall,
And adore HIM " LORD OF ALL."

Ransom'd Spirits joyful bless,
The incarnate SAVIOR's Grace ;
" Worthy is the LAMB !" they cry,
" Who for Sinners deign'd to die ;
KING OF SAINTS ! for ever reign,
THOU for us, was pierc'd and slain,

THOU hast sav'd us by thy Blood,
Reign for ever! MIGHTY GOD!"

"Reign for ever!" Earth reply,
Let your Anthems rend the Sky,
With the heav'nly Armies sing,
"CHRIST is universal KING!"
Shout, in high, exalted Strains,
"Over all MESSIAH reigns!"

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

I.

WHEN musing on the various Ills,
Attendant on this mortal State,
Which Coward Nature deeply feels,
And meanly strives to aggravate;

II.

My Courage fell, my Thought-sick Mind
Indulg'd a melancholy Mood:
I griev'd, I murmur'd and repin'd,
Because my Path no Roses strew'd!

III.

My Breathings were, " Let me remove,
And leave my Sorrows and my Clay ;
O for the Pinions of a Dove !
To fly beyond the milky Way."

IV.

" Why should I live to weep and mourn,
And spend in Bitterness my Years ?
Why should I longer here sojourn ?—
O let me leave this Vale of Tears !"

V.

But, lo ! a Ray of pow'rful Light,
Quick darted from the heav'nly SUN ;
The Prince of Darkness took his Flight,
And sunk beneath the Blaze of Noon.

VI.

My Soul became calm and serene,
And thus FORBEARING LOVE address,
" LORD ! how ungrateful I have been !
What foolish Thoughts have torn my Breast !"

VII.

" I am a Creature of thy Hand ;
A breathing Particle of Dust !
And shall a Worm thy Will withstand,
" And call his MAKER'S Ways unjust ?"

VIII.

“ I’ve sinn’d against the LORD my GOD,
And basely I have dar’d rebel ;—
O SAVIOR ! make me kiss the Rod,
For all is Mercy out of Hell !”

IX.

“ Thousands have sail’d through Seas of Blood,
By furious Storms and Tempests driv’n ;
Why should I shun the common Road,
To seek a Flow’ry Path to Heav’n ?”

X.

“ Thro’ Tribulation more or less,
The Way to happy *Canaan* lies ;
And only they, who run the Race,
Shall ever seize the shining Prize.”

XI.

“ What “ precious Promises” I see !
(How sweet to call the Treasures mine) !
* *All Things concur to profit thee,
Who lovest GOD and Things divine.”*

XII.

“ † *I will give Grace and Glory too,
And no good Thing will I refuse,
To him whose Heart is form’d anew,
The Paths of Truth and Light to chuse.”*

* Romans viii. 28.

† Psalm lxxxiv. 12.

XIII.

LORD ! all thy Will be done in me,
For all thy Will is Good and Wise !
With Patience let me wait on THEE,
Till THOU shalt call me to the Skies.

THE VICTORIOUS CHARMS OF ETERNAL LOVE.

IMITATED FROM SOLOMON'S SONG.

I.

JESUS demands my Love supreme,
And kindly asks my Heart ;
My Heart, prepare and welcome HIM,
Bid all beside depart.

II.

No Seraph in the heav'nly Groves,
With JESUS can compare ;
He shines among a Thousand Loves,
The UNCREATED FAIR !

III.

The charms of my REDEEMER's Face,
Both White and Ruddy are :
His Priestly and his Princely Dress,
The mystic Colours wear.

IV.

His Natures! O how pure and white!
" GLORIOUS IN HOLINESS !"
How dazzling to Immortal Sight,
The Lustre of his Dress !

V.

But HE acquir'd that Ruddy Hue—
His Robes their Crimson Stains,
When GOD's Eternal Justice drew,
And pierc'd HIM for my Sins.

VI.

Still as a LAMB that's newly slain,
Appears the PRINCE OF PEACE ;
Whose Life flows out from ev'ry Vein,
And dyes the Snowy Fleece.

VII.

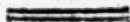
His bleeding Wounds and Scars possess
Merits that never Waste ;
The Riches of his Righteousness,
Eternal Ages last.

VIII.

The MEDIATOR's Glories join
With those of DEITY ;
JEHOVAH-JESU's Charms combine—
Combine to conquer me !

IX.

O take my Heart, ETERNAL LOVE !
And there erect thy Throne ;
To THEE, let all its Passions move,
Their Center, THOU alone.



SONNETS.

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM ().*

THERE is a Heav'n beyond these changing Scenes,
Where weary Pilgrims find Eternal Rest ;
Where Joy and Peace in ev'ry Bosom reigns,
And not a Fear their Pleasures dare molest.

The deathless Tenants of that bright Abode,
From all their Toil and painful Conflicts cease ;
Array'd in Righteousness " they walk with GOD,
High in Salvation and the Climes of Bliss."

Walls of ETERNAL LOVE, and sov'reign Grace,
The New JERUSALEM around embrace,
Which Satan's Art and Force can never scale.
Within, full many a Spring of Pleasure flows
Beyond the reach of all their spiteful Foes ;
Nor can the Pow'r that guards them ever fail.

RECOVERING GRACE.

Awake, my Glory! and with Joy relate,
 How *Israel's* GOD my long-worn Fetters broke:
 Extol the Arm that rais'd me from the Pit,
 And set my Feet upon a solid Rock.

He led me to a Crimson Stream, and there
 He wash'd my lep'rous Soul from all its Sin;
 Out of the Flood I rose divinely fair!
 Without a Wrinkle, or a Spot unclean.

The Robe of Righteousness was then brought forth,
 Which JESU's Wisdom and Compassion wove!—
 This peerless Garment of unequall'd Worth,
 He took, and cover'd me from Head to Foot;
 Then on my Hand, a brilliant Ring He put,
 The certain Pledge of EVERLASTING LOVE.

LORD'S DAY MORN.

Rising SUN! with brightest Rays,
 Shine upon the Queen of Days;
 Teach all Nature to be glad,
 In the Day the LORD hath made.

Fairer SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS!

Lift on me thy smiling Face ;
Let the Beams of Love Divine,
On my drooping Spirit shine.

May the Day of sacred Rest,
To the weary Soul be blest ;
Let thy Peace-restoring Voice,
Bid the mourning Heart rejoice ;
O may all thy People prove,
The Effects of COV'NANT LOVE!

THE SAME.

WELCOME DAY! Fair Type of Heav'n!
Dearest far of all the Sev'n!
In my Breast, what Raptures burn,
When the Sacred Hours return!

This the Day that JESUS rose
Conq'ror over all his Foes ;
This the Day his Heralds cry,
" Sons of Men to JESUS fly !"

May the GOSPEL's joyful Sound,
Reach to Earth's remotest Bound ;
May the Trump of Jubilee,
FREEDOM send from Sea to Sea ;
'Till MESSIAH's Kingdom come,
And th' ELECT are gather'd Home.

" Faith is the Substance of Things hoped for."

WHAT tho' I wear a Garb of Clay,
A Load of Sin and Death ;
Yet I can rise, and soar away,
Upon the Wings of Faith.

Can leave my Sorrows all behind,
And bid " Farewell my Cares ;"
Can be a pure unfetter'd Mind,
And travel thro' the Stars.

By Faith I taste seraphic Joys,
And join the rapt'rous Shout ;
I walk the Groves of Paradise
And pluck-immortal Fruit.

By Faith I all my Heav'n possess,
In seeing JESUS Face to Face.

HOPE.

WELCOME, fair Angel **HOPE** ! consoling Power,
Support me still, thou sweet restoring Balm ;
Brighten my Prospects in each adverse Hour ;
Repel the Storm, and keep my Spirit calm.

Tho' faint and weary, let me still pursue
The Path of Duty, onward led by thee ;
And while these chequer'd Scenes I travel thro',
Point to the glorious Prize that waits for me.

Fetch me Supplies from that unfailing Source,
The Word and Promise of unchanging Grace,
Whose Streams make glad the City of our GOD ;
And thus refresh'd, I shall run on my Course,
With joyful Heart, and reach the happy Place,
Eternally design'd for my Abode.

LOVE.

SACRED LOVE ! possess my Heart,
Bid tormenting Fears depart ;
Govern there without controul,
Reign the **SOV'REIGN** of my Soul,

Animate my Prayer and Praise
Glow in ev'ry Song & Praise;—

All my Words and Actions move,
From a Principle of LOVE.

Faith and Hope shall die away,
THOU shalt blaze in endless Day;

They shall but attend me here,
THOU shalt reign in yon high Sphere.

All the Nations of the Blest,
In ETERNAL LOVE shall rest.

HUMILITY.

THE Sons of Light, and Spirits of the Just,
As high as Heav'n, yet humble as the Dust,
Bending around JEHOVAH's awful Throne,
They hide their Faces, and their Meanness own.

If such Abasement fills the heav'nly Train,
Who burn with Love, and shine without a Stain,

O what profound HUMILITY should veil
A wretched Worm! a guilty Heir of Hell!

Make me the humblest of thy Creatures, LORD!
Make me the humblest of thy ransom'd Race,
With contrite Heart to tremble at thy Word,
And own Salvation to be all of Grace.

As Clay is fashion'd by the Potter's Skill,
So let me yield to all thy SOV'REIGN WILL.



DEATH.

DEATH!—'tis an awful Thing to die!
And yet, ere long I must
Put off, and lay this Body by,
To be dissolv'd in Dust.

My Soul without a Mask must stand,
Before the GOD of Heaven:
Be crown'd with Life at his Right-Hand,
Or down to *Tophet* driven.

JESUS! let me behold in THEE,
My full Salvation sure ;
Then Death whene'er it comes, will be
A welcome, pleasant Hour ;
To put my Robes of Glory on,
And waft me to my FATHER's Throne.

AN ETERNAL STATE.

O WHAT a vast IMMORTAL MIND,
This Clay-built Hut contains !
For everlasting Bliss design'd,
Or everlasting Pains !

Her earthly Tabernacle must
Feel Death's destroying Hand ;
But she, emerging from the Dust,
Flies to an unknown Land.

Am I IMMORTAL ?—Then let me
Within myself retire,—
If I must cross the boist'rous Sea,
I anxiously enquire,
Have I a FRIEND to help me o'er ?
Or to receive me on the foreign Shore ?

" *HOW WILT THOU DO IN THE SWELLING OF JORDAN?* "

WHEN ling'ring near the swelling Stream
Of *Jordan's* awful Flood ;

I will repose my Soul on *HIM*,
Who bought me with his Blood.

I'll recollect (to quell my Fear)
His Words replete with Love ;
" I go, my Friends ! and will prepare
A Place for you above, "

For me, his Faithfulness and Pow'r,
Have often been display'd ;
Nor will *HE* leave me in that Hour,
When most I need his Aid :
He'll bear me safely thro' the Flood,
And then conduct me to his own Abode.

MORNING.

HAIL ! splendid Restorer of Day,
Emerging once more from the Main ;
Now Darkness is driven away,
Creation rejoices again.

Now flush'd with thy radiant Beams,
By Nature's unparalell'd Touch,
In Crimson and Gold, the Sky seems
To welcome her Sov'reign's Approach.

How joyful, and yet how serene,
The beautiful Landscape appears!
And all which adorn the gay Scene,
The Smile of Complacency wears;
The Songsters of Morning are mounting the Sky,
To warble their Matins, and send them on High.

ELEGIAC LINES
ON THE
SLAVE TRADE (*).

STRANGE, horrid Traffic ! Mournful to behold,
Each tender Feeling sacrific'd to Gold,
And FELLOW MEN, like *Cattle*, bought and sold. }

British Barbarians, of ferocious Mind,
Licenc'd Banditti, than the Brutes less kind,
With Mischief fraught, to *Afric'* steer their Way,
And seize its Natives as their rightful Prey ;
In peaceful Families inflict a Blow,
Replete with Anguish, and domestic Woe ;
And where Force fails, with cruel Art they steal,
Those who ne'er did, or wish'd the *Ruffians* Ill !
Parents are from their weeping Children torn,
In diff'rent Climes their hapless Fate to mourn.
What Pangs ! what Sorrows ! pierce the bleeding
Heart,
From their dear Home, and dearer Friends to part ;—
Their dearest Offspring ne'er to see again—
O nameless Torture ! O extreme of Pain !

A Thousand lesser Horrors meet their Eyes,
 And nought in View but hideous Prospects rise ;
 Perpetual Slavery to be their Lot,
Detested Slavery ! which casts a Blot
 On all the Charms in which Creation smiles,
 And ev'ry Comfort in embryo kills ;
 More bitter makes Life's bitter Draught go down,
 AND VEILS IN DARKNESS EV'RY RISING SUN ;
 The tort'ring Lash they oft must groan beneath,
 Till the *less-cruel* Hand of wish'd-for Death,
 Throws off their Load ; and helps them to elude
 The Tyrant's Stroke, *athirst* for Vassal Blood.
 The wretched Slave, then faintly hopes to find,
 An unknown *Somewhere*, where his weary Mind
 May undisturbed rest ; some peaceful Plains,
 Where dire Oppression never clink'd her Chains ;
 Where ruthless *Europeans* never wrest
 The tender Infant from the Mother's Breast ;
 Nor kindred wedded Souls relentless sever,
 Nor virtuous Lovers separate for ever ;
 Where the Defenceless are not bought and Sold,
 Nor sordid Christians thirst for paltry Gold.
Christians ?—O never call them ! Blush for Shame,
Ye worse than Heathens ! let the sacred Name
 By Acts of Violence be not prophan'd,
 By Crimes, black Crimes like yours, so foully stain'd ;

That high Profession you disgrace, renounce,
And turn consistent Atheists at once.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR

DIVINE RELIGION! canst thou patronize
Such curs'd Oppression! such base Cruelties?
Dost thou acquire thy Converts by such Means,
As heavy Bondage, Scourges, Racks, and Chains?
Is this the Way, in which th' untutor'd Mind,
By thee is taught, and polish'd, and refin'd?
No;—blest Religion such a Conduct hates,
And *Mammon's* Worshippers loud reprobates;
Her Paths are Peace; her Ways are Pleasantness;
No Marks of Blood her Angel foot-steps trace;
No Thirst for Rapine in her Face appears;
No horrid Joy in wretched Cries and Tears,
But sweet Compassion every Feature wears. }
GOOD-WILL TO MAN beams in her ruthless Eyes,
Her fost'ring Hand with tend'rest Care applies,
A healing Balm,—*instead of Scorpion Whips*;
The Law of Kindness dwells upon her Lips;
Majestic Meekness her Persuasions arm,
And make them strong th' unciviliz'd to charm;
The Pow'r divine that waits to bear her Word,
Gains greater Conquests than *Mahomet's Sword*;
Such is RELIGION, Source of our best Joys;
Such is the lovely DAUGHTER OF THE SKIES;
Such our bright Visitant from Paradise. }

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

I.

SING to the Great CREATOR's Name.

Creation shout his Praise;
In thy Ten Thousand Forms proclaim,
How wond'rous are his Ways.

II.

The ample Sky his Fingers spread;
With Majesty of Ease,
The ever-during Mountains weigh'd,
And measur'd out the Seas.

III.

Heav'n's moveless Pillars in his Hand,
With Earth's Foundation's rest.
The Seasons roll at his Command,
To make his Creatures blest.

IV.

O! how unsearchable art THOU,
In all thy Works and Ways!
How shall a Worm thy Greatness show,
Or sound thy lofty Praise!

V.

Yet equal Grace and Mercy beam,
From thy Eternal Throne ;
INFINITE GOODNESS is thy Name,
Reveal'd in CHRIST thy SON.

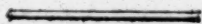
VI.

Thro' HIM we venture to approach
Thy else approachless Seat ;
The joyful Lyre we boldly touch,
Thy Praises to repeat.

THE AFFLICTED SOUL'S REFUGE ().*

WHEN the tempestous Waves of Anguish roll,
Threat'ning Destruction to my trembling Soul,
Whither for Help or Refuge can I flee ?
To whom, my kind REDEEMER, but to THEE ?
Thy tender Hand alone can give Relief,
Alone can wipe my Tears, and soothe my Grief.
Thy Voice can bid Tranquillity and Rest
Enter, and take Possession of my Breast,

The precious Comforts of thy Love restore
 And never, never let me leave THEE more !
 To drink at Streams of a terrestrial Kind,
 Which only disappoint my thirsting Mind.
 THOU canst bestow what fickle Earth denies
 Real, substantial, undeceiving Joys.



A SONG OF PRAISE TO THE TRINITY ().*

To GOD, who chose us in his SON,
 Ere Time its Course began ;
 To CHRIST, who left his radiant Throne,
 And dy'd for wretched Man ;
 To GOD the SPIRIT, who applies,
 The LAMB's atoning SACRIFICE ;

To the Eternal, Equal THREE,
 The Undivided ONE,
 Let Saints and Angels both agree,
 To give the Praise alone.

Hail HOLY, HOLY, HOLY LORD,
 Be THOU by all thy Works ador'd.

THE INCARNATION.

I.

HAD injur'd JUSTICE dealt with us,
As our base Deeds demand ;
We must have heard JEHOVAH's Curse,
And felt his vengeful Hand.

II.

We must have groan'd in Hell's Abyss,
Beneath our heavy Sins ;
To know what *outer Darkness* is,
What *Death Eternal* means.

III.

But we behold no Thunders fly,
To drive us to the Deep :
VENGEANCE appears disarm'd to lie,
And JUSTICE seems asleep.

IV.

But, GOD's eternal gracious Plan,
The Mystery explains ;
Shews how HE pardons rebel Man,
And yet his Right maintains.

V.

Behold, what Love! his SON assumes
Our Nature and our Place!
With joyful Tidings, JESUS comes
The MESSENGER of Grace.

VI.

His everlasting Throne above,
He leaves without Regret:
Downward He flies, on Wings of Love,
To pay our mighty Debt.—

VII.

To *Bethlehem* haste—there Mortals view
GOD in an Infant Form *!—
Yes; DEITY becomes for you,
A weak and abject Worm †!

VIII.

O fall before his Feet, and bless
The BABE of wond'rous Name!
Adore the condescending Grace
Of the despised LAMB.

IX.

Let all the Angels Worship pay
To JESUS, for 'tis due;
Ye Sons of Men! the Word obey,
And give HIM Glory too.

* Isaiah ix. 6.

† Psalm xxii. 6.

X.

Let loud Hosannas grace the Tongues
Of us, who owe HIM most :
Eternal Praise to HIM belongs,
Who came to save the Lost.

XI.

TO GOD THE FATHER Honour Give,
And Glory to his EQUAL SON ;
Let GOD THE SPIRIT Praise receive ;
The ONE IN THREE, and THREE IN ONE.

THE SECOND ADVENT.

I.

BEHOLD ! our GOD from Heav'n descends,
Welcom'd by all his suff'ring Friends,
But dreaded by his Foes ;
Array'd in matchless Splendour, see !
The MAN who dy'd upon the Tree,
In agonizing Woes.

II.

Fierce Vengeance frowns upon his Face,
From his unsuff'rable Menace,

A Thousand Thunders fly !
Seraphic Spirits, highly blest !
In bright celestial Glories drest,
Attend HIM down the Sky.

III.

High sounds the Trump ! and from the Earth
Unnumber'd Myriads start forth,
And quit the yawning Tomb ;
See ! Millions roused from their Sleep,
Now leave the Ocean's troubled Deep,
And unto Judgment come.

IV.

The GOD INCARNATE, seated on
His august and tremendous Throne,
Sends forth the sweet Command ;
"Rise ! O my Saints ! My ransom'd Ones !
And fill these high, immortal Thrones,
Prepar'd at my right Hand."

V.

Who can the rapt'rous Joys express,
Which animate the Heav'n-born Race !
Now they ascend to meet
Their dear REDEEMER, and their LORD,
Their everlasting, great REWARD ;
And worship at his Feet ?

VI.

The JUDGE proceeds, " Ye Wicked ! come,
Receive your fix'd and changeless Dóom,
At my decisive Bar."

Those Sinners who despis'd his Grace,
Now sink asham'd before his Face,
O'erwhelm'd with black Despair !

VII.

Their dreadful Sentence is, " Depart
From Me, ye curs'd ! and feel the Smart
Of my Eternal Ire ;
Your just Reward and Portion take,
In Hell's sulphureous, gloomy Lake,
Of ever-burning Fire.

VIII.

They weep and wail, and loudly call,
" Ye Rocks and Mountains ! on us fall !"
But all their Cries are vain ;
With rebel Angels they are hurl'd,
Down to the doleful, hopeless World,
Of everlasting Pain.

IX.

Now blazing Lightenings conspire,
With bursting subterraneous Fire,

To burn the useless Earth.
Beneath the overwhelming Blaze,
In burning Ruins Nature lays,
With all its valu'd Worth.

X.

But view yon high, exalted Throng;
Hear their triumphant heav'nly Song,
" Salvation to the LAMB!"
Ascending to their fair Abode,
They praise the gracious TRIUNE-GOD,
The glorious, Great I AM.

THE MISER'S FOLLY.

LIFE is uncertain, Death is sure,
Nor does the most Sagacious know,
His last and dying Hour,
Yet foolish Man, is careless to secure
His SOV'REIGN's Favor; and make HIM his Friend!
On whose decisive Judgment, must depend
His everlasting Weal or Woe.

The Miser's Heart is all bestow'd,
On those bewitching, shining Heaps of Ore,
By vile Extortion or by Fraud,
Or cunning Schemes amass'd.
No Wonder that he grasps his Gold so fast,
For Mammon is his God;
When that is gone, poor Wretch! what has he more?

How miserable will he be!
When GOD sends forth the sovereign Decree,
"Thou thoughtless Fool!
"This Night thy graceless Soul
"Shall be requir'd of thee."

Dragg'd to his Doom, he then must bid Farewell
Unto that cursed Idol, Gold,
And take his Residence—in *Hell*:
Or could his griping hand still hold
His Treasures safe; how useless and how vain,
How ineffectual to obtain,
The Mitigation of a Moment's Pain!
Not all his Riches, ten times told, could buy
A Ray of Hope for his tormented Soul!
Or but One cheering Drop supply
His scorched, ever-burning Tongue to cool!

CONSOLATORY THOUGHT.

I.

COURAGE, my Soul! why thus dismay'd?
And why cast down so low?
My Troubles will not always last,
Nor I be always so.

II.

I shall not always travel thro'
This dreary Vale of Tears;
JESUS will shortly bid me rise,
And leave my Load of Cares.

III.

With Joy I'll listen to the Call
Then stretch my Wings, and soar
To yon dear Mansion of my Rest,
Where Fears torment no more.

THE SUFFICIENCY OF CHRIST'S WORK.

I.

THE LAMB that was slain,
An Off'ring for Sin,
Is risen again,
And enter'd within
The Veil of the Temple,
To sprinkle his Blood,
And claim for his People,
The Mercy of GOD.

II.

The FATHER accepts
The Work of the SON,
And cancels the Debts
And Sins of his Own ;
Well pleased, He blesses
The Objects of Grace,
And kindly caresses
The justify'd Race ;

III.

Pronounces them free'd
From Bondage and Death,
And Righteous indeed,
In the Garments of Faith;

They're view'd in the SAVIOR,
As spotless and clean,
As tho' they were never
Polluted with Sin.

IV.

Believers then sing,
To JESUS our GOD ;
Let the Praise of our KING
Be sounded abroad ;
And give Adoration
To HIM, who for us
Did finish Salvation,
On Calvary's Cross.

REFLECTIONS ON MYSELF.

I.

O LORD ! when I myself survey,
And ponder in my Thought,
The fine Machin'ry of this Clay,
So curiously wrought ;

II.

How the immortal Mind within,
Resides and operates;
Th' amazing Union between,
These sympathizing Mates ;

III.

Wisdom and Goodness both appear,
In all the Work display'd ;
I view myself with awful Fear,
So wonderfully made *,

IV.

But soon a ruthless Foe will tear
The noble Fabric down ;
And rudely bid the Tenant there,
Explore a World unknown.

V.

O may it be my chief Concern,
To number out my Days † !
And diligently strive to learn,
True Wisdom's sacred Ways.

VI.

May I be anxious to enjoy
My Great CREATOR's Love ;
Then may I wish the Period nigh,
To make my last Remove.

* Psalm cxxxix. 14.

† Psalm xc. 12.

VII.

Nor Death will wear a Sting for me,
But lovely Smiles of Peace ;
Will only set my Spirit free
To enter Worlds of Bliss.

VIII.

My Body too, shall safely sleep,
“ In sure and certain Hope :”
For GOD will all its Members keep,
And raise the Structure up.

IX.

When the Archangel's Trump shall wake
The whole Creation round,
I shall the yielding Grave forsake,
Obedient to the Sound.

X.

Pure and immortal shall I rise,
The Image of my GOD ;
Like the DEAR MAN who left the Skies,
And bought me with his Blood.

XI.

Fair, everlasting Youth shall sit,
And smile on ev'ry Part ;
Eternal Life and Vigour beat
From the exulting Heart.

XII.

Again the immaterial Mind
Shall take its ancient Seat ;
And both be harmoniz'd, and join'd
No more to separate.

XIII.

My Pow'rs shall all combine to praise
The Author of my Bliss :
My Tongue shall sing thy Righteousness,
THOU MAKER OF MY PEACE !

XIV.

The Wonders of thy Love and Pow'r,
Shall be my ceaseless Theme ;
Eternally shall I explore
The Beauties of thy NAME.

XV.

But I'm a feeble Pilgrim yet,
And in a Vale of Tears ;
Mine is a tedious, trying State,
And full of dang'rous Snares.

XVI.

TO THEE, O GOD MY STRENGTH ! I come,
To help me on my Way,
Till thy kind Word shall call me Home,
And wipe my Tears away.

THE DEPARTING SAINT.

THE long expected Moment now arrives,
 That brings the Pilgrim to his Journey's End ;
 That breaks his Fetters, and full Freedom gives
 To his imprison'd Soul.
 The Silver Cords of Life unloose apace ;
 His earthly Tabernacle shakes ; his
 Quiv'ring Limbs their Office now resign ;
 His Pulse forgets to beat ; the Rosy Blush
 Flees from his Cheek ; a mortal Paleness
 Spreads o'er all his Frame ; the Crimson Current
 Throughout every chilling Vein runs cold,
 And thickens as it runs ; his Heart and Flesh
 Begin to fail ;—but GOD his ROCK ; his STRENGTH,
 His NEVER-FAILING REFUGE, bears him up,
 Superior to the sharp and piercing Pangs
 Which rack his tott'ring Clay. JEHOVAH smiles,
 And Consolation breathes thro' all his Soul,
 " Fear not, for I am with thee ; I am thy
 " SALVATION ; thy EXCEEDING GREAT REWARD."
 His calm Serenity now kindles
 Into rapt'rous Joy, and Bliss ecstatic !
 His waiting Soul, with Expectation big,

Longs to depart its shatter'd Tenement,
And bathe in Oceans of Eternal Rest.

The willing Saint a final Farewell bids,
To keen Anxiety ; corroding Care ;
The Darts of *Satan*, and the Wounds of Sin.
His clouded Eyes no more shall overflow
With briny Tears by deep Contrition drawn,
Wailing his treach'rous and deceitful Heart.
No more the reprobated, harden'd Sons
Of Infidelity shall pain his Ear
With Oaths and Blasphemies, more horrid
Than the fiery Smoke, that issues from
The doleful Mouth of the infernal Pit !

His ardent Wishes soar aloft, and center
In the Heav'n of Heav'ns !—O what Desire
Impatient in his Bosom glows ! to bloom
In pure, unsullied Holiness, beneath
The Shade of SHARON's fair and lovely ROSE,
Whose fragrant Odours all around diffuse
Delight ineffable !—unfading Joy !
Now fully sanctify'd, and fully freed
From Imperfection ; pure, and holy
As the bowing Seraphim, and meet
For their Society ; he gently falls

Asleep ; but in a Moment wakes,
 Immortal, spiritual, unclogg'd
 With mortal Matter. What Amazement sweet
 Pervades the raptur'd Soul, now he beholds
 A Band of Angels, ready to conduct
 Their precious Charge Home to his native Land,
 The NEW JERUSALEM, the Holy City.

Thus they salute the disembodied Saint,
 (And Love and Bliss beam forth on ev'ry Smile) ;
 " Hail ! more than Conqueror ! Belov'd of GOD !
 O Friend ! O Brother ! we congratulate
 Thee, on thy full, compleat Deliverance
 From Sin and all its dread Concomitants.
 Thy everlasting Rest is now begun,
 Rest from thy Warfare, thy Fatigue and Toil ;
 Clad in the Armour of the LORD thy GOD,
 Bravely thou'st Fought, and bravely overcome
 The raging Pow'rs of Earth and Hell, that wou'd
 Obstruct thy Way to Canaan's happy Land.
 Eternal Faithfulness was thy Support ;
 A fresh Discovery in thee we view
 Of Love unchanging and Almighty Strength."

With Joy unspeakable, the Saint replies,
 " O how is sov'reign, free, and matchless Grace,

In my Salvation gloriously display'd!
 'Twas Grace invincible, with sweet Constraint,
 Led me to JESUS and his bleeding Cross;
 Gave me to know HIM as my ALL IN ALL;
 My GOD, my RANSOM, and my RIGHTEOUSNESS:
 Wonder, ye Heav'ns! at my REDEEMER's Love!
 Why was I not with many Thousands left,
 Deservedly to perish in my Sins?"

" We join thy Song," returns the shining Train,
 " And Grace shall be our grand exalted Theme.
 By Grace unmerited, we are upheld,
 Preserv'd, and kept in our primæval State.
 The Hosts of Seraphs that surround the Throne,
 In their unceasing and harmonious Songs,
 Praise our CREATOR and PRESERVER's LOVE;
 His free preventing and preserving Grace
 Sounds on their golden Chords, in lofty Strains
 Of Eloquence immortal and divine."

" There sings (with Wreaths of fadeless Laurel
 crown'd)
 Unnumber'd Numbers of the Human Race,
 Who came from Pain and Tribulation great,
 And wash'd their stained Garments in the Blood,
 The precious Blood of the atoning LAMB,

There are the venerable Patriarchs,
 Pilgrims and Strangers while on Earth confess'd ;
 Prophets that of MESSIAH's Kingdom sung,
 Foretold his wond'rous Deeds unparalell'd ;
 Apostles who in all the Earth proclaim'd
 Salvation free thro' the REDEEMER's Name ;
 A numerous Host of noble Martyrs, who
 Waded thro' Seas of Blood ere they could reach
 The Haven of eternal Peace and Rest.
 All these around the everlasting Throne,
 Harping in Chorus to the THREE IN ONE,
 Chaunt his ETERNAL LOVE, and SOVEREIGN Grace."

Now the celestial Travellers attain,
 The Borders of IMMANUEL's smiling Land ;
 The NEW JERUSALEM in View appears,
 Her Walls of Sapphire, and her Gates of Pearl ;
 Loud Hallelujahs echo from her Courts.

Lift up your Heads ! ye everlasting Doors !
 Your Leaves, ye sacred Portals ! wide display,
 Admit a blood-bought Heir of Glory in !
 Lo ! they unfold ; the brilliant Gates divide,
 The blessed Train pass thro', loud welcom'd by
 The heav'nly Residents within.

There the triumphant, blessed Saint enjoys
More than the most capacious human Mind,
In this imperfect State can comprehend.
In full, complete Fruition he enjoys
The GREAT, SUPREME, SUFFICIENT GOOD; and
drinks
Eternal Pleasures from the FOUNTAIN HEAD.

PRECEPT, PRAYER, PROMISE, AND PRAISE.

PRECEPT.

I.

WEARY Sinner, fill'd with Grief,
Mourning from a Sense of Sin;
Earnest seeking for Relief,
From the Load of Guilt within;

II.

From thy legal Labours cease,
Come to ME, and thou shalt prove,
Sweet Tranquillity and Peace,
In th' enjoyment of my Love.

III.

Exercise thy Faith in ME,
As th' ATONEMENT made for Sin :
I have shed a Crimson Sea,
Come and wash thy Soul therein.

IV.

Come to ME, and be releas'd
From the Fears of burning Wrath ;
Angry JUSTICE is pleas'd,
By the Merits of my Death.

V.

Burthen'd Sinner, well I know
All relating to thy Case ;
Suited Blessings I bestow,
Free and full forgiving Grace.

VI.

Tho' thy Heart depraved be,
Vile and foul as those in Hell ;
Only cast thy Soul on ME,
All shall be for ever well.

VII.

Ev'ry Sinner who believes,
That for him I bled and dy'd,
And my Righteousness receives,
Is for ever justify'd.

PRAYER.

I.

I'M a Sinner, LORD, indeed!

Dost THOU call to such as me?—

O how fain would I be freed

From my Guilt and Misery!

II.

Fain would I apply to THEE,

Fain would on thy Blood rely;

Did I know 'twas shed for me,

For a Wretch so vile as I!

III.

Yet the Word of Truth declares,

Pardon, freely thro' thy Blood;

Tho' my Sins were like the Stars,

Both for Size and Multitude.

IV.

But my cursed Unbelief,

Binds me in its slavish Chain;

If thy Pow'r gives no Relief,

I a Captive must remain.

V.

Help me JESUS to believe
In thy Righteousness and Blood;
Give me freely to receive
Pardon from a SMILING GOD.

VI.

Ev'ry base and guilty Fear,
SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS remove;
Let thy SPIRIT Witness bear,
To my Int'rest in thy Love.

VII.

Fill me with a heav'nly Peace,
Heal the Anguish of my Mind;
Let me in Redeeming Grace,
Full and free Salvation find.

PROMISE.

I.

Be encourag'd, fainting Heart,
Thou art mine, I've purchas'd Thee;
I will never with thee part,
Thou art precious unto me.

II.

'Tis my Hand has brought thee low,
In the Dust before my Throne,
That thou may'st thy Weakness know,
And confide in ME alone :

III.

I have quicken'd thee to feel
Guilt and Sin a heavy Load,
That I might in Time reveal,
Pardon thro' atoning Blood.

IV.

Hunger after living BREAD,
Thirst for Gospel MILK and WINE,
Did from Nature ne'er proceed ;
Truly no, that Gift was mine.

V.

Hunger never pains the Dead,
Lifeless Sinners never thirst ;
Therefore shall thy Soul be fed,
Since I gave thee Life at first.

VI.

I will make thee pure and clean,
Thro' the sprinkling of my Blood ;
The tyrannic Rule of Sin,
Shall be broken and subdu'd.

VII.

I am ALL IN ALL to thee ;
Be not downcast, or dismay'd,
My almighty Grace shall be
In thy Impotence display'd.

VIII.

I will draw thee unto me,
With the Cords of Grace and Love ;
All thy Guilt and Misery,
At my Presence shall remove.

PRAISE.

I.

YE that fear the LORD, attend,
Whilst with Gratitude I tell,
How his interposing Hand,
Sav'd me from the lowest Hell.

II.

When my Sins appear'd in View,
Numberless and Infinite ;
All my Works and Duties too,
Filthy in JEHOVAH's Sight.

III.

When my Conscience groan'd beneath
Sina's dire avenging Rod ;
When my Doom, Eternal Death,
Thunder'd from the Law of GOD ;

IV.

Then, O then, the SAVIOR came !
Stood between the Law and me ;
Satisfy'd its highest Claim,
And sustain'd its Penalty.

V.

O what Bliss divine I felt !
When my RANSOM I could see,
Bearing all my Sin and Guilt,
In his Body on the Tree *.

VI.

O the Riches of his Grace !
O the Wonders of his Love !
Who his Kindness can express ?
Who, of all the Worlds above ?

VII.

Be amaz'd, ye heav'nly Choirs !
Silent stand with glad Surprise,
Then wake all your Golden Lyres,
To participate my Joys.

* 1 Peter, 2, 24.

VIII.

MERCY in its brightest Form,
Is display'd in pard'ning me ;
GOD came down to save a Worm ;
Dy'd to set his Creature free.

IX.

O may Gratitude inflame
All my Soul, and actuate
Ev'ry Pow'r to praise his Name,
For his Mercies free and great.

X.

Elect Seraphs ! join the Songs
Ransom'd, pardon'd Sinners raise ;
Human and angelic Tongues,
All extol Redeeming Grace.

XI.

Bless the SAVIOR, all above ;
Swell the Chorus, ye below,
Who enjoy his sov'reign Love,
And his tender Mercies know.

XII.

Hosts of pardon'd Rebels sing,
JESU's free, Almighty Grace ;
To eternal Ages bring,
Boundless Revenues of Praise.

A VIEW OF THE CROSS.

I.

O my Soul ! look up and see,
CHRIST th' atoning LAMB OF GOD,
Suff'ring on the fatal Tree,
Deeply crimson'd with his Blood.

II.

All the Floods of waken'd Wrath
On the^x helpless VICTIM roll !
All the Agonies of Death,
Seize upon his guiltless Soul !

III.

O what awful Wonders shine,
In the Sorrows of the LAMB !
Vengeance and Compassion join,
To proclaim JEHOVAH's Name.

IV.

All my Sin and Guilt HE bears,
Ev'ry Claim HE satisfies ;
Dying Groans, and Blood, and Tears,
Pays my full Redemption Price.

** Helpless - Unhelped!*

V.

All the Torture HE endures,
Flows from my imputed Sin ;
All the precious Blood HE pours,
Is to make my Spirit clean.

VI.

Burst my Heart ! and flow my Tears,
Copious as yon streaming Blood !
Bathe the dear REDEEMER's Scars,
Mingle with the Purple Flood.

VII.

O unutterable Grace !
GOD descended from his Throne,
Took my Nature and my Place,
Bled and dy'd for me undone !

VIII.

O THOU wounded LAMB OF GOD !
Claim the Travail of thy Soul ;
Claim thy purchased Abode ;
Take my Heart, O take the Whole !

IX.

O subdue the Monster Sin !
Crucify the latent Foe ;
Over my Affections reign ;
Wean my Soul from all below.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 11 Line 3 for Allelulia read Alleluia

— 13 — 15 — stand — stands

— 143 — 10 — Foundation's — Foundation



